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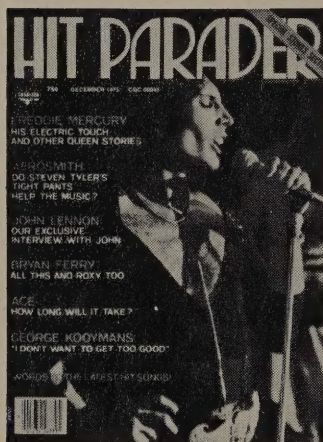
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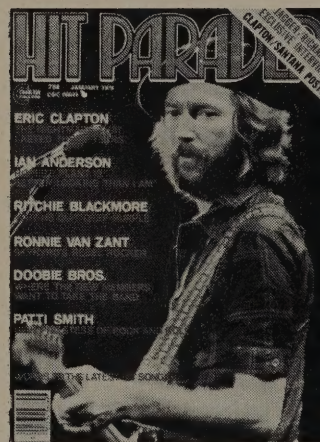
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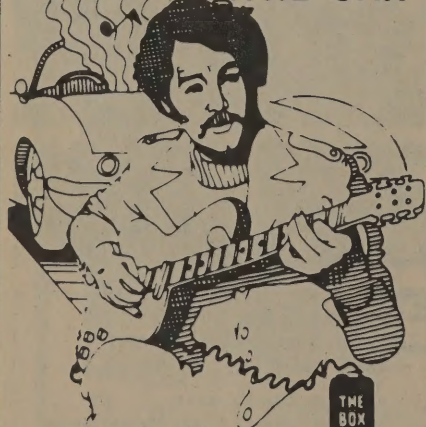
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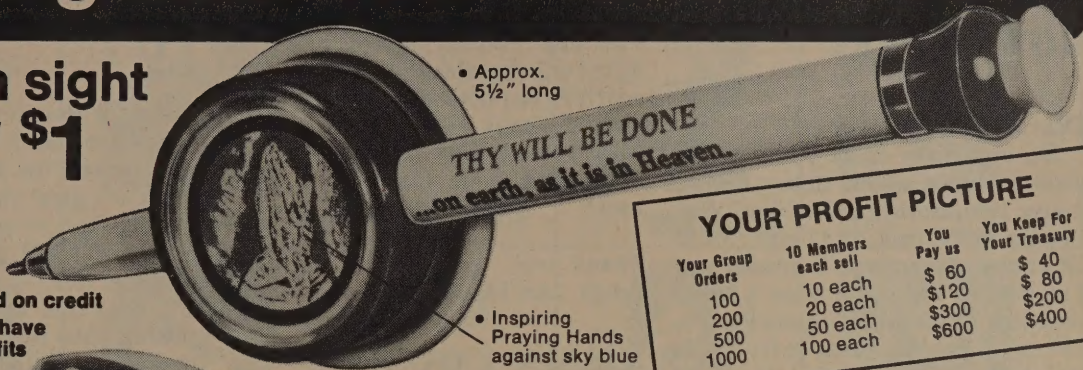
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# WE READ YOUR MAIL

## ROXY RAVES

Dear Hit Parader,

Do you really think your readers want to know about Bryan Ferry's house, cars, clothes and all that? Well - I am a Roxy freak, and I say ... YES! Of course their music is special and I've been a Roxy fan since I heard their first single hit, "Virginia Plain" - "Siren" is another great lp from this stylish group. Is it true that the girl on the cover of "Siren" is Gerry Hall - Bryan's new love?

Marie Fields  
Pittsburgh, Pa.

*(Ed. Yes - for the time being.)*

Dear Hit Parader,

I would just like to tell you that I just about died when I read your most recent article on Bryan Ferry. I am an unemployed American and to hear that Mr. Ferry actually put an ad in the paper for a housekeeper is beyond belief! I've been looking for an alternative to the boring, uninspiring jobs we lower class citizens have to put up with. I would give anything to be Bryan Ferry's maid. In fact, I'd do it for free! But where would I sleep? Well, that bathroom in the closet sounds comfortable.

Love,  
Laurel  
San Diego, California

Dear Ms. Robinson,

I am writing to tell you how much I loved your December issue. As I am an avid Roxy fan, I really appreciated your articles on Bryan Ferry and Phil Manzanera. Please keep writing about Roxy, they're the epitome of seventies rock at its best. The Lennon interview was fantastic, but the best story of all (to me anyway) was Josephine Mori's piece on Freddie Mercury. I think only a woman writer can truly appreciate the glorious sexuality and beauty of rock

stars like Mercury. Her writing style is just unbelievable. I have never read anything so poetic in a rock magazine before. Thank you for printing Ms. Mori's work and beg, borrow, or steal some more from her. I can't wait!!

Thank you,  
Linda Ann M.

## KISSIN' COUSINS

Dear Hit Parader,

I just got through reading a letter that was in your December issue and was written by someone named Naomi Leger, and I have a reply.

To say that the story about Jim Dandy was ungodly and sinful is stupid. You are a very narrow minded person because if you can't enjoy and like Jim Dandy and Black Oak you can't enjoy or like anything. They are very likable people.

Also just because Jim Dandy kissed his cousin, or did anything else with her, that doesn't mean that he is going to go to hell. Lots of people kiss their cousins. I have three or four cousins that kiss great!!

You are 14 years old and hate Jim Dandy. I'm 15 years old and I love him to death. Maybe one year will change you or maybe your cousin will kiss you. Or maybe you will always be the same as you are now and not enjoy life at all. Because rock and roll is life and Jim Dandy is rock and roll.

And maybe someday if by chance we do go to hell, well then we will all be down there together with our kissin' cousin, rockin' to the music of Jim Dandy.

So don't put Jim Dandy down just because you dislike him, cause you, one person hates him but millions love him.

Patricia Scott  
"Hang in there Jim"  
Alabama

*(Ed. note - Watch for Jim Dandy/Hit Parader interview next issue.)*

## ETC.

Dear Hit Parader,

I have been a fan of Bruce Springsteen for a while now, and I think it's great that Bruce has made the big time — you don't get on the cover of Time and Newsweek for nothing. But I'm one of those people who feel that many people are just getting onto Bruce because he is the new big star rather than really paying attention to his music.

It isn't good when you're as big a star as Bruce and people don't really understand where your music is coming from and where it is going. So I'd like to suggest that anyone who wants to know about Bruce spend more time listening to his records — including his new album which is fantastic — and less time listening to all the adult hoopla about Bruce.

With Bruce Springsteen, it's not on the cover of a magazine, it's in the grooves.

Alan Sharpe  
Santa Fe, New Mexico

Dear Editor,

Hit Parader has been one of my favorite magazines for the past year or so. I read every issue and am constantly finding great articles and photographs of my favorite stars. I don't have any complaints, but I would like to say that I think it is wise of you to feature many different bands each issue instead of just sticking with Elton John and the big superstars. A lot of magazines are just all one thing — like so many mags were all Alice Cooper for a couple of years and today many of them are all Elton. I loved Alice and I love Elton, but I am interested in many other artists and other forms of music and I just want to thank you all at Hit Parader for your continued coverage of many of the newest and most exciting bands around.

Jimmy Reco  
Brooklyn, New York □



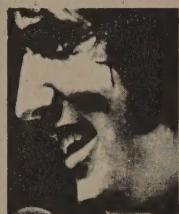


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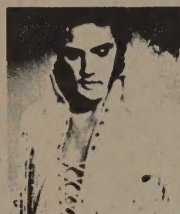


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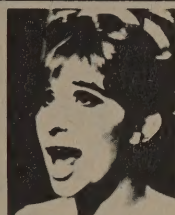
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# THE NEW YORK DOLLS

## Don't Look Back

by Alan Betrock

If the New York Dolls were ever guilty of one serious miscalculation in their notorious career, it would be their distinct absence of pretension. They lacked the pseudo - intellectual analysis, the self-imposed righteous - seriousness, that all of rock 'n' rolls media-induced superstars must possess to be considered "legitimate phenomena". Just ask yourself why Bruce Springsteen was splattered on the covers of all those national mags, while the Dolls were lucky to make 'Random Notes' in *Rolling Stone*. Certainly not because of any absence of talent on the part of the Dolls, that's for sure.

Photos by Bob Gruen





I don't want to offer the impression that the Dolls did not get press attention — press overkill and hype was one of their main difficulties — but it was the *type* of treatment they received that was so fatal. Moreover, the real spike was driven deep into their heart by the industry bigwigs. They could have ultimately surmounted distorted press image-making or industry reticence, but to surmount both obstacles at once was near to impossible. The record promoters, rack jobbers, and all-important disc-jockeys never took the Dolls too seriously. Many simply treated them as a joke, or worse yet, boycotted them for their uncompromising rock 'n' roll stance, or (what they considered to be) their threatening or unsavory image. America's other great rock 'n' roll band, the MC5, suffered a similar fate in the hands of a reactionary industry, and even David Bowie was almost equally smothered until he dropped his bi-glitter direction and transformed himself from a Diamond Dog into a more palatable Disco-Denizen.

David JoHansen, songwriter, vocalist, and front-man for the Dolls has no regrets concerning the route of his past career, evaluating the entire era as an amazingly positive period: "We had a great time, a ball really, and I can't say as I would have done anything too differently. It was a period of experimentation, but people never really understood what we were actually all about. They took us too seriously for one — there was a lot of humor going on with the Dolls that was missed back then..." David had just finished a rousing two-hour rehearsal with the latest configuration of the New York Dolls, a unit based around JoHansen, and holdover Dolls guitarist,

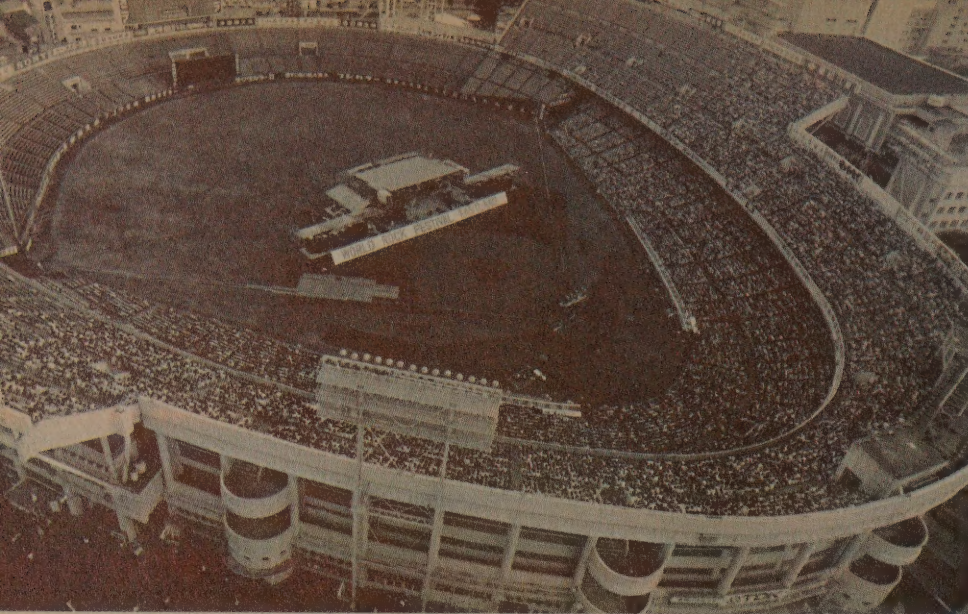
Sylvain Sylvain. The group is rounded out by Tony (of Rich Kids fame) Machine on drums; Chris Robison on keyboards; and Peter Jordan on bass.

The original Dolls split up last Spring, in a breakup that JoHansen today describes as "amiable". "Johnny (Thunders) really wanted to play with Richard Hell from Television, so it was best for him to go and do that. Arthur Kane, our old bassist is out on the West Coast now, trying to get something together..." Thunders, Hell, and Dolls-drummer Jerry Nolan formed the Heartbreakers, a straight-ahead rock 'n' roll band that can be brilliant, but more often than not is merely uneven. David avidly follows the rest of the New York rock scene, and candidly admits his longstanding ties to New York: "This is where I come from and this is where I want to stay. Of course, I really love to travel, but I'll always wind up in New York — it's my kind of town..."

Back in rehearsal, JoHansen proves to be a truly natural and riveting personality. Dressed in a black T-shirt, baggy tweed trousers, black sneakers, suspenders, and floppy hat, David leads the band through an inebriated set of rock oldies and notable newies. There's some twelve-bar blues to get the band loose, and a lively medley of Animals classics like "I'm Crying", and "We Gotta Get Outta This Place" follows. David's voice sounds strong and distinctive as he improvises on such diverse tunes as "Needles and Pins", "Mrs. Brown You've Got a Lovely Daughter", and "Volare", replete with multi-lingual interjections. JoHansen, although later disagreeing with my evaluation, is clearly the leader here. He's the front man — it's his band, one that he calls "more sophisticated and more satisfying than my past bands", ad-







This is where the Dolls played in Japan. Who can blame David for not wanting to return to "dumps"...

ding, "I'm really happy with this group..." Not wanting to pass judgment at all on a band just getting loose in rehearsal, I can only get the impression that the band would be nothing without David. Additionally, I got the feeling that David's ideal lineup is a far cry from what he has now. Sure, they're more professional and probably more manageable than the old Dolls, but the excitement, the trendsetting demeanor, the sheer abandon of the old group is gone. Still, David is quick to offer: "Wait 'till you see us live..."

Listening to the first Dolls album, one is taken by the sheer brilliance of it all. There's hardly a bad track on the whole LP, and there's certainly more than a half-dozen legitimate classics to be discovered. The second album gets stronger with the passage of time, and in many ways is even more splendid than its predecessor. "Both albums sold at least 150,000 copies each, which is quite good", offers David, "and reports of great debts

and management hassles have been greatly exaggerated." Of course, all is not peaches and cream, and much of the Dolls past is still entangled in complicated litigation — litigation that may decide everything from the rightful owner of the Dolls name, right on up to songwriting and recording royalties. For the time being, though, David is more concerned with the present and future, topics which seem quite promising indeed.

For starters, the group just returned from a highly successful trip to Japan, where they played large stadiums in five cities, to audiences ranging from 10,000-40,000 fans. The Dolls were part of a traveling "Festival International", a set bill of acts that toured various Japanese cities. The Dolls were near the top of the lineup, and received tumultuous ovations wherever they appeared. "The kids there really love rock 'n' roll, and they're not afraid to show it. Both our albums jumped back into the charts during our visit, and the kids were actually attacking the stage to get to us. I was totally amazed myself, but really gratified by the whole experience." The proof of the pudding is captured in hundreds of photos snapped by ace photographer Bob Gruen on location, as well as an exciting video tape of an entire Dolls performance. In the past, much of the Dolls brilliance was captured on everything from hand held 8mm fan footage, all the way up to high budget Hollywood films — most of which will never be publicly released. Just recently, a New York screening of some old Dolls footage in an unfinished 16mm film, *Night Lunch*, brought the audience to its feet, cheering and applauding wildly. The electricity crackled like the old live Dolls show at the Mercer — it was eerie to see an audience cheering film footage, but that's the kind of dedicated following the Dolls left behind.

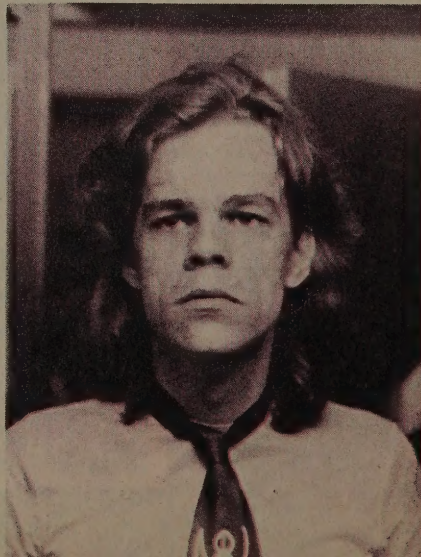
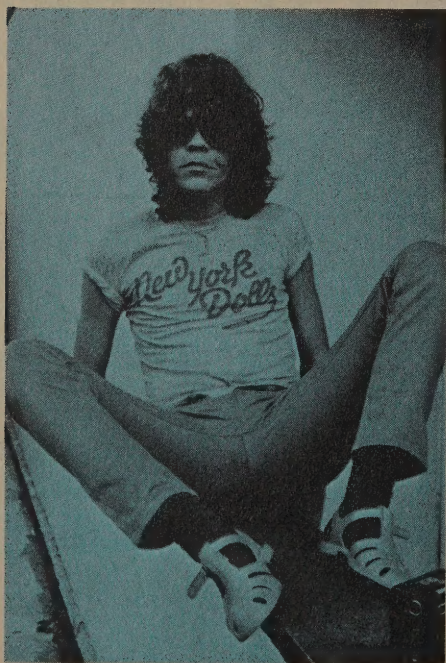
No one wants to be nostalgic, especially when the 'good old days' were only two or three years ago, and David, least of anyone, wants to rest on past

laurels. He is anxious to get back into live performance when he can "find a decent place to play in — preferably one with a bar." More significantly, the Dolls plan to record a new album in December featuring what JoHansen called "our best songs ever." He added: "This new album is going to be very big. We're recording it independently with a new producer who is footing the bill. Then we're going to bring it around to companies and see who comes up with the best offer. For what we want to do, it's really the best plan."

Some of the new titles to be recorded include "On Fire", "Lovin Up a Storm", and "Let's Just Dance". My favorites (on the first few hearings) were "Funky But Chic", (David's epic about kids 'n' clothes where he urges them to 'get on down to the Bo-teek'), and "Reckless Crazy", an out 'n' out rock 'n' roll song as good as any of the old Dolls favorites. Also high on the Pick-to-click list is "Girls" ("I like 'em seizing the power..."), and when David yells out "here comes one", his magic is as intact as ever. Likewise, future classics include the self-explanatory "Kids Are Back Again (Heavy Mental Kids)", and a slightly revamped version of "Teenage News" ("pick up a copy"). As David says: "Me and Syl really work well together as a team. I think what we're doing is totally unique to us, and important in the overall scheme of things." Certainly much of the rest of the rock world from the Stones and Alice Cooper on down to many of the current New York City groups agree, because their Dolls influences and roots show up even under their dyed perms. There seem to be more Dolls fans now than there were back when they were really needed. Better late than never, I guess...

One can only hope that David JoHansen will not lower his sights or goals and become in the process just another rock 'n' roll singer in another rock 'n' roll band. He is more gifted and valuable than that, and with the right combination of talent and resources surrounding him, there's no limit as to how far he can go. For JoHansen to lower his sights out of expediency or frustration would be an unfortunate decision for one of rocks more exciting and talented personalities. □

David JoHansen looks ahead.





# CROSBY AND NASH

## No More Compromise

by Ian Dove

It is no secret by now that Graham Nash and David Crosby have formed a working alliance, splitting from Crosby, Stills, Nash and Young to become Crosby and Nash. And doubtless working on the principle that if you are going to change, change completely, the whole hog, C&N have dropped their manager and switched labels from Atlantic to ABC Records.

Why though is it Crosby and Nash and not Crosby and Stills, or Nash and Young?

Graham, while dutifully going around promoting their new ABC album, "Wind On The Water" as it bulleted it's way into the top of the charts, explained: "Crosby has always treated me with respect as a partner. He was always interested in my musical growth, my musical room for ex-

pansion, and we are similar in some respects — with him working off his subconscious preprogramming with the Byrds in terms of being repressed (as an individual) It was the same with me and the Hollies."

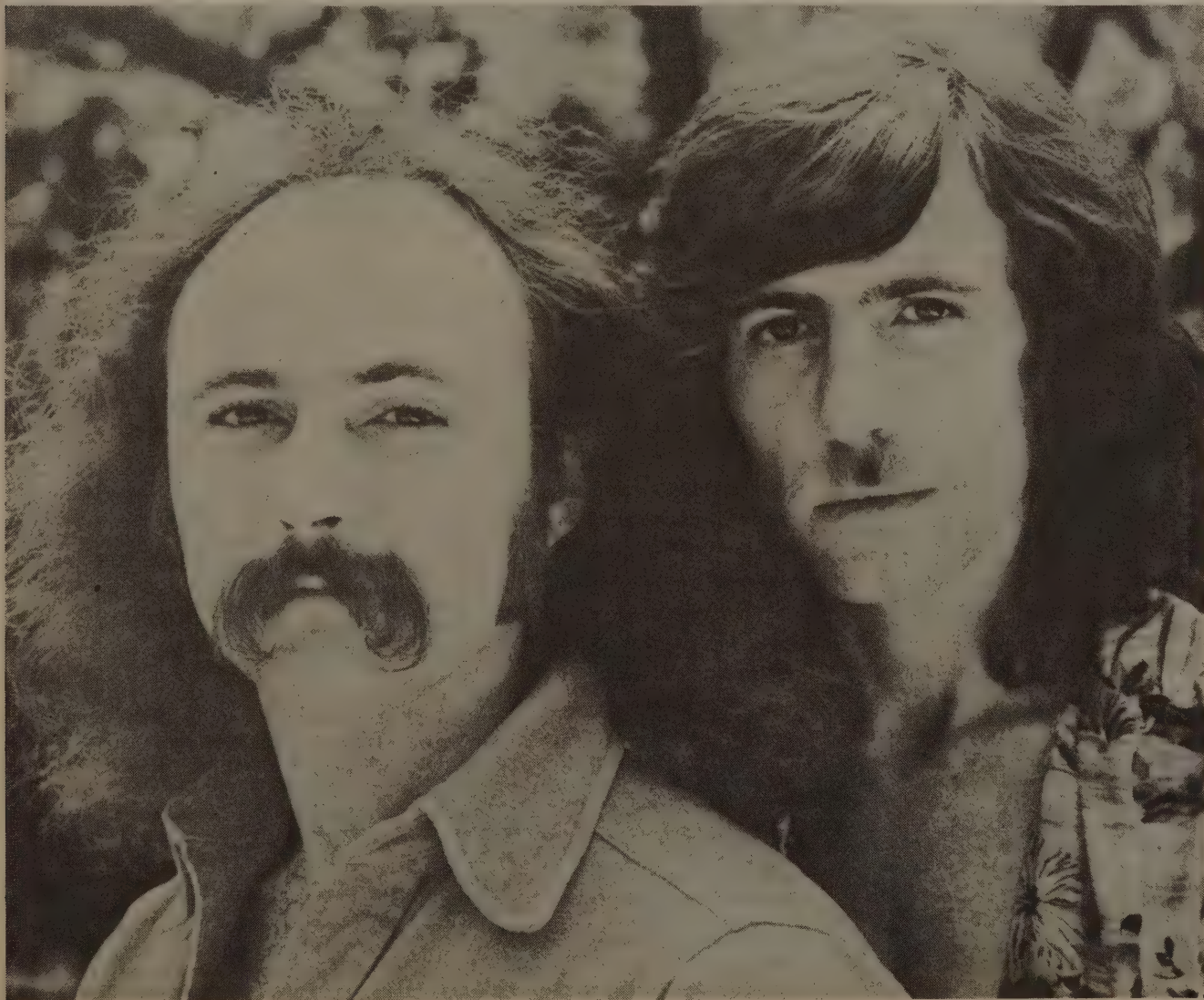
Whatever else, it will not be Nash performing with Stephen Stills. Graham made one thing perfectly clear — "I am not interested in working with Stephen but Neil Young will always have my respect. I'll work with him anytime."

Nash and Crosby came together way way back when the late Mama Cass motored over to David's place in Los Angeles to meet him for the first time. She described Crosby as "weird but with a good mind," recalled Graham.

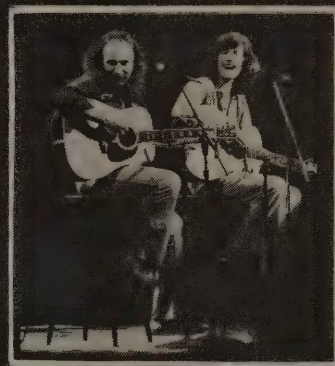
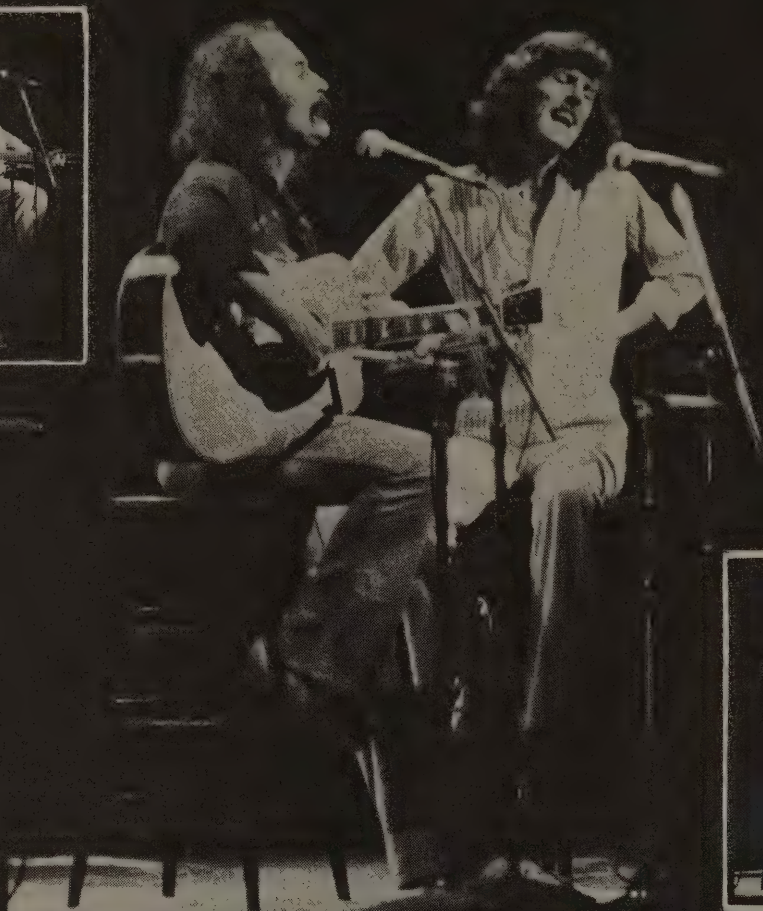
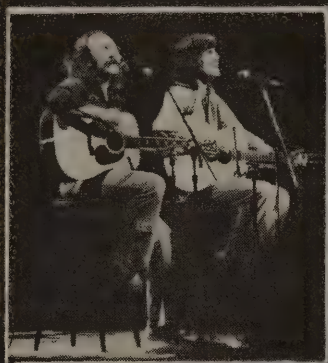
This was around 1965 when the Byrds in England had "Mr. Tamborine Man,"

Dylan's song, high in the charts there, were making their first tour of the country and being hyped by the promoter as the next, better than the, Beatles. The result was the tour bombed but David and Graham got to spend time together — Crosby staying with Nash and his wife because Graham observed that Crosby's hotel, like the promotion of the tour, was less than adequate.

But David also performed a useful function on that trip. He more or less raised Graham's consciousness, to use the contemporary cliché. Graham remembered: "I went with him to a press party — I even remember who it was for, Keith, who had a hit single, "98.4". Anyway instead of the normal press affair where everyone just stands around, drinks, ooh and aahs and bullshits everybody, here was Crosby answering







questions with such directness that it astounded me.

"You were not supposed to do things like this on the pop scene then. But it was such a flash for me to see someone on the edge of being a punk all the time.

"There was a certain amount of preconditioning in me because young bands do tend to get manipulated — and the Hollies were young then — get told to stand there, smile at that camera, lip synch here — all those things.

"After a while I got into it so deep that I couldn't see it from any objective point of view.

"David Crosby gave me that point of view — I knew I'd been a moron for years."

Crosby and Nash have just completed their first real tour as a duo with an electric back up band. It was a seven week, 28 date affair built loosely around the fact that if David and Graham do more than three straight concerts there is too much strain on their throats.

But it is not that (being two of them) they work harder than when they were just part of the CSNY foursome.

David Crosby commented: "It was that much harder to sing with CSNY because they—they being Stephen and Neil—in-sist on playing with double stacked Marshall set ups. Each guy is using

enough for four guitar players and when you do that, crank them all up to 10, it puts about 120, 130 dbs worth of sound past the mike stands.

"At that point it becomes that much harder to sing with that band than it is with us. We just don't even sound good.

"If you are trying to tell a tale of some sort or somebody's written some good words, you shouldn't necessarily turn it into a fuzztone festival. There is a tendency for an awful lot of people — not the people we have been talking about — to use volume as a substitute for creativity."

One of the reasons why Graham and David decided to leave their management firm, Geffen - Roberts and go into this side of the business for themselves was "that the more people you put in between you and something you are trying to get done, the less gets done. Usually the principle of delegating authority functions not at all in the rock world," said David.

Now they work things out with themselves, their lawyer, their accountant as Leslie West who used to work with Geffen - Roberts and now is "helping them, not managing them," according to her own statement.

It helps, of course, that Crosby and Nash are not entirely unknown in the world of rock 'n' roll, or as David Crosby

believes "have been exposed to half the people in the damn country."

He added: "We've had time to pick off the one person in 3000, or 5000, or whatever it is, that likes harmony, that likes songs, that happens to like whatever it is that you do. If we have any strength it is that we don't need to be hassled. The thing that we want is a very simple and monitored, well oversights particularly in the detail areas, relationship with a record company. I don't quibble with the fact that a new group or a new artist needs people shouting their name in the marketplace, hustling and so forth.

"But not Nash and I any more."

Graham commented: "We don't have to work at establishing ourselves because we have been established for many years. We just have to work."

Now the duo are looking for 8000 seat halls and theaters, working on the theory that if you can attract 50,000 people in one area it is better to do four or five nights in a smaller place, than one huge biggie stadium deal.

"Those big stadiums are an absolute drag," says Crosby, no stranger to them through his CSNY days. "They all sound like blimp hangers. The way CSNY did it last year was a compromise situation. The way Graham and I are trying to do it is the smaller halls. It's the hipper way. □

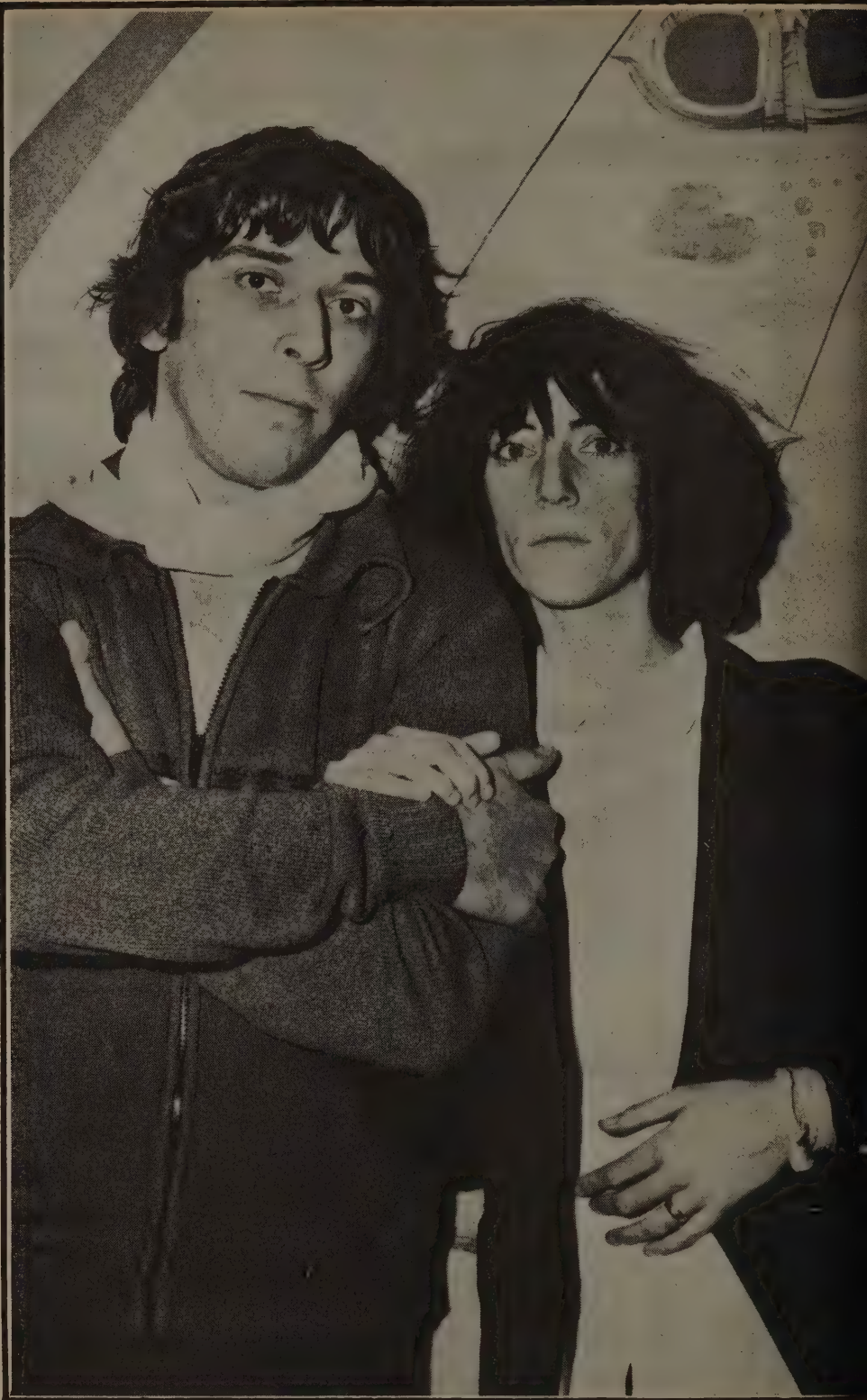


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John Cale  
and Patti Smith  
face the world defiantly.



# PATTI SMITH & JOHN CALE

## confrontation collaboration

by Lisa Robinson

*The following is a dinner chat at Sardi's Restaurant in New York with Patti Smith, her producer John Cale, manager Jane Friedman and Lisa Robinson. The conversation was taped early in the evening, prior to Patti and John returning to the Electric Lady Studios once*

*again to work on Patti's debut Arista lp, "Horses". It was almost at the end of their sessions - late September. Patti ate a spinach and bacon salad, John didn't eat anything, I had shrimp cocktail, melon and prosciutto. The two of them had warned me that they would argue. - L.R.*

\*\*\*\*\*

*Lisa:* Well kids, how's it been going?

*Patti:* I'm telling you, it's really like a season in hell. It's really like that.

*John:* It's been slow.

*Patti:* It's been completely maniac, it's

been a nightmare from beginning to end.

*Lisa:* Did you think it would be easy?

*John:* Whose side do you think Bernie's on, yours or mine?

*Lisa:* Who's Bernie, the engineer?



**Patti:** Yeah...

**Lisa:** Listen, I'm going back to London next week. John, do you think they'll let me back in Julie's after you bit that waitress on the thigh??

**John:** Oh, worse things have happened. I bit a waitress on the tit in L.A. ...

**Lisa:** Patti, why are you looking at John like that?

**Patti:** I look at him like that no matter what he says. I just like to make his life miserable constantly trying to make up for all those hours of misery he's put me through. It's like incest you know, brother and sister. Fucking at night, hating by day. Not that we're doing that, you know. We're not doing anything dirty.

**John:** Mind fucking at night...

**Lisa:** What's it like in the studio?

**Patti:** Oh god, a nightmare.

**John:** You little insect. Well, how long have we been in there? Two and a half weeks ... and it's taken us that long just to come to an understanding.

**Patti:** I'm glad we fought, I never had to fight for anything so much in my life.

**Lisa:** Well how come John looks so healthy and Patti looks so run down?

**Patti:** He's winning the fight.

**John:** We made a deal. I come out looking healthy...

**Patti:** We all had to fight and we couldn't take anything for granted. We figured that because of the kind of work he does he would come in and be hip to our spirit, and it would be really easy. But what happened was he came in and was like a total bastard. and it was worse than working with a Beach Boy ... like working with George Martin with a straitjacket.

He made us fight for everything, and I had to solidify everything I believed in and the band had to and we had to figure out exactly what we believed in. We came into the studio really half-assed and glib, then I had to pound my fists into his skull day and night...

**John:** When she has conversations she argues with people she goes into soliloquies, you know? I mean like a Lady Macbeth ventriloquist...

**Patti:** Look, "Birdland" which was once a nice four minute piece about Wilhem Reich's son gently easing himself into his father's black space ship, is now like a Peckinpah science fiction nightmare. And there's no room for it anywhere on the album, plus I have to put out a live EP...

**John:** Peckinpah, that's fantastic. Did you know I love Peckinpah?

**Patti:** No! I do too ... well, everything has turned into Peckinpah. I wrote a beautiful little song about my sister Kimberly, by the time we finished it...

**John:** Blood all over.

**Patti:** I was holding the baby in my arms in the bridge and by the time the improvisation came out, I was like sinking my fingers into her eggshell skull. I don't know how it happened, but there's like murder in every song...

**John:** Not in every song ... not in "Redondo Beach"...

**Patti:** No, there's suicide in that one.

**John:** Some days go bad with me and some days go bad with her, and when that happens she just goes off and takes everyone into the vocal booth, turns the lights out, crouches on the floor, and

whispers in everyone's ears. If something goes bad for me, I'll just take one of the guys in the band over and talk to him, sometimes I have a problem I can't solve and all of a sudden somebody taps me on the shoulder and says 'why don't you do that', and that's the answer...

**Patti:** See, what happens is that he goes into the bathroom...

**John:** And then we all come around and see the sensible side of things.

**Lisa:** Wait a minute, what's this about him going into the bathroom?

**Patti:** I think he just walked into the mural a few times...

**John:** Look, tell the truth, go on, tell the truth.

**Patti:** What?, what truth?

**John:** Well, "Birdland" started off one way, and then Lenny (Kaye) got better and better and your voice got better and better and then you went onstage at the Arista concert and your voice got 100 times better and you were scared to begin with of the studio and then after that you said holy shit, take me back to the studio.

**Patti:** Yeah, I was glad to get back to the studio.

**John:** And then you wanted to do "Land" again...

**Lisa:** Who introduced you from the stage as "Let's welcome her uptown from CBGB, Clive?"

**Patti:** Yeah...

**John:** There really was alot of the CBGB crowd there...

**Lisa:** Really? Where?

**Patti:** Oh somewhere there was ... I heard them yelling stuff that only a CBGB

(continued on page 64)



Lynn Goldsmith

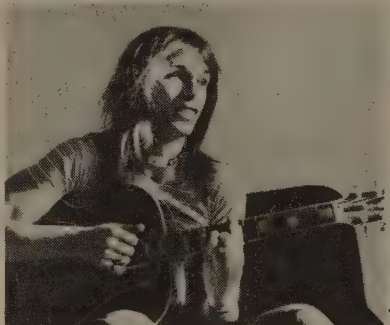
Patti and her guys ... Ivan Krah, Richard Sohl, Jay Dee Daugherty and Lenny Kaye.



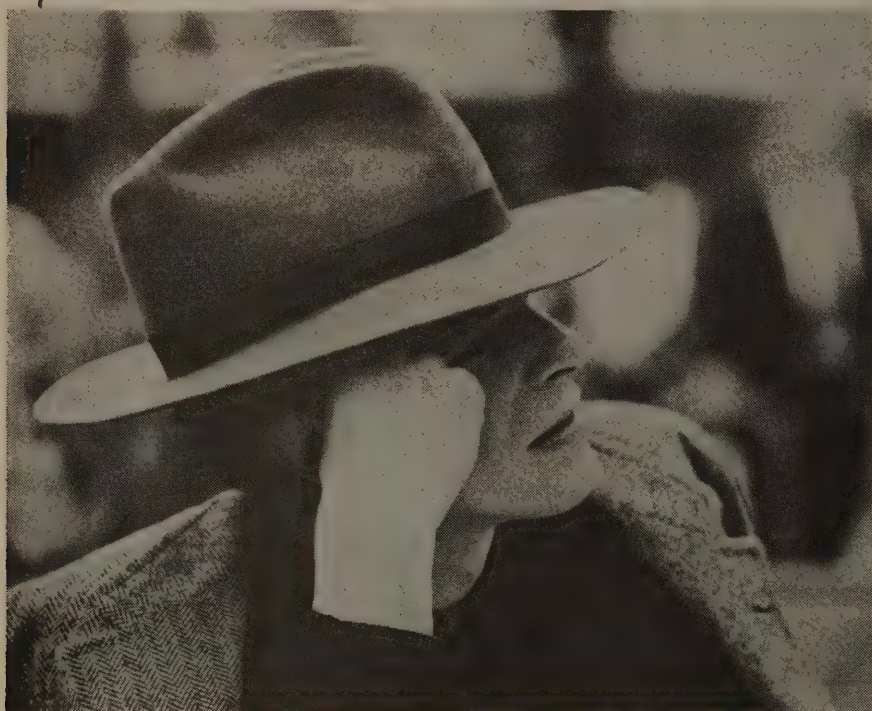
# ROCK & ROLL HOTLINE

His blond locks glowing in the sun and his guitar nearby, Steve Howe told me in London that his solo album is a departure and that sooner or later he could do some of the things from it onstage. But don't panic, Steve isn't slipping away from Yes the way Rick Wakeman did. He says, "Yes will be doing my solo stuff within the context of our concerts."

"I wanted to do something random, with variety, and I think I achieved this," said Steve.



Paul Cenny



It looks like 1976 will be David Bowie's year. Although his hits have kept him from being forgotten, La Bowie hasn't set foot on a stage in a while. Now, like Frank Sinatra, Judy Garland, and Bette Midler before him, David will make a 'comeback' - assault which began with the release of his single "Golden Years".

The record mixes a heavy disco motif (again) with David's overdubbed vocals. His voice is in better shape than it's been since the early 1970's, but the strange vocal tracks vary from very low (like *Old Man River* low) to a high falsetto. The single was culled from Bowie's just finished album, and

sources close to the artist say the album has looked huge since the first day David went into the studios.

Bowie spent some time in LA's Record Plant to finally record his "The Man Who Fell To Earth" soundtrack album. The film — distributed by hot Paramount Pictures — will be on the screens by April. Before that David will launch at least a 30 city tour of the U.S. with Europe and England to follow. A Bowie friend confides to me that there's been talk of travel and performing in Russia, China, Tibet ... and whereas this could all just be babbling ... Will David Bowie Be The First Rock Star To Crash The Iron Curtain???

Everyone's very excited that Dr. Feelgood have signed with Columbia Records here in the U.S. Plans are for Feelgood to come and showcase in America (probably New York, Los Angeles, and maybe New Orleans) soon and then come back again for a longer tour. Feelgood's second British lp will be released here as their first U.S. lp. It's a great party record — just like the last one — and has already yielded the Feelgood's their current hit on the British charts. The band is also great fun live.



Putland

David Essex in New York for a week at the Bottom Line. Among those who stopped by his club date and special press party to wish him well were Steve Tyler, David Clayton Thomas, Roger McGuinn, Rod Stewart and Britt Ekland, Ian Hunter, most of Mott, David Johansen and Slade.

I spoke to David between sets and asked him how it was going. "Fantastic," he said with a smile. "They really listen to the music and then they applaud at the end ... a whole new thing for me." David, as you may know by now, is a huge teen star and film star in London although his visits to the U.S. have seen him concentrating on his music.

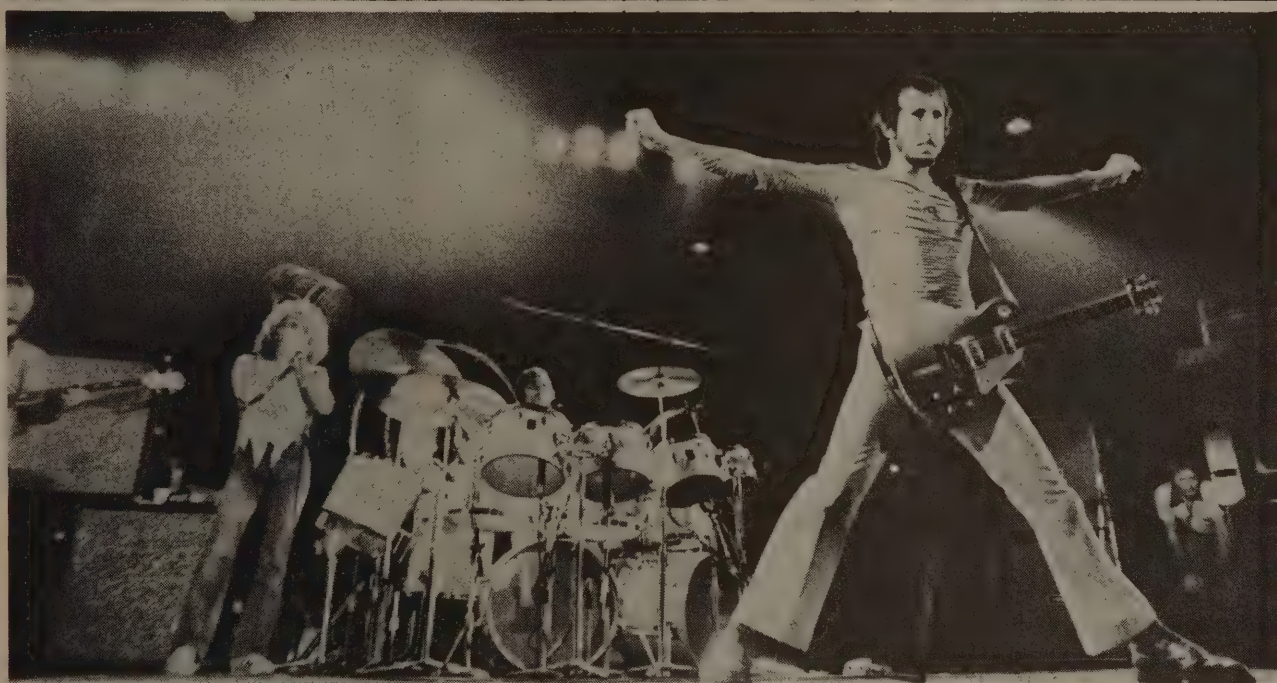


Robert Plant's foot gets better and better, but it took him a while to recover from his summer auto mishap and he wasn't able to carry on in concert with his usual wild abandon. Zeppelin say they won't tour the U.S. until the summer. (They've had plenty of British rock company, for Ian Anderson, possibly the Who and The Stones, and Elton John all plan to be on the road here then.) Before Zeppelin left for Munich to record their new album, they had a month-long stay in Los Angeles where they were up to some of their old high-jinks. Rumors reached me of food and hot-towel throwing at Paul Rodgers' wife's birthday party ... as well as waking up Zep's Continental Hyatt House neighbors with a pneumatic drill. It's good to know some things never change.



Meanwhile Swan Song Records, Led Zep's record company, has signed a hot new congregation fronted by none other than Michael Desbarres (in the front in

the photo). The name of the band is Detective, and with Michael are, left to right back row, John Hyde, Bobby Pickett, and Michael Monarch.



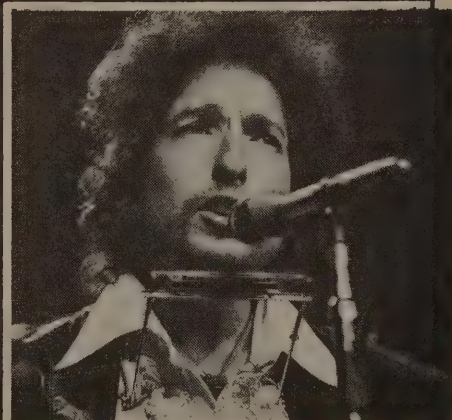
Saw The Who in London at the start of their latest tour and must say it was good to see them out in action. They

didn't play some cities on this tour (including NYC) but we have hopes that they'll be back soon.

Robert Ellis

Over a proper English tea at the Savoy Hotel in London, Ray Davies told me he'd like to write a book now that he's finished the latest Kinks' album, *Schoolboys In Disgrace*. "But I think I have to get away from London for awhile to do that, maybe come to New York. New York is good for words." Ray, by the way, was as-ever elegantly dressed in suit and tie for the stuffy Savoy atmosphere. (It was *not* a bow tie, however.)

The new album is all-Davies and he's at his best. Plenty of rock and roll, rock and boogie, shuffle, and that sly Davies's voice singing even slyer Davies' lyrics. Hope RCA gets behind this one and finds the Kinks the hit single they deserve. In the meantime, us Kinks fans will continue to help them sell out their concerts.



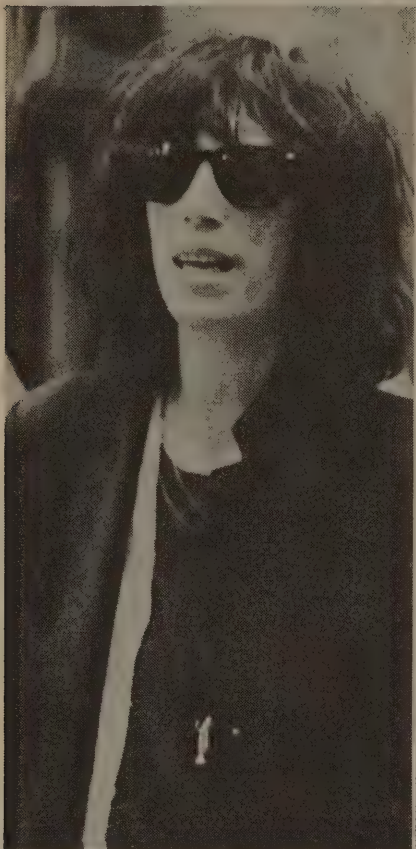
Predictions are that Dylan may do more of the U.S. and then some of Europe in his current move back to the people who listen to his music.



# RECORDS

## PATTI SMITH/ HORSES

(Arista AL 4066)



Ivan Kral

Here are a few things I recall about Patti Smith: She once came to a party at Steve Paul's House wearing an uncharacteristic long dress (could it possibly have been gingham??) and carrying a straw hat. She appeared properly embarrassed, which is exactly why she carried it off so well. But she was proud too. I was always knocked out by her pride and style; even when she wore a ripped t-shirt she wore it better than anyone since Marlon Brando. There was a time when we "didn't like" each other in that way girls of Manhattan are so good at, but then we went with some mutual friends to Shea Stadium to see Grand Funk on my birthday. We were so berserk with the concert, the floors were pounding so hard with the energy of thousands of fans (this was a few years before your run-of-the-mill stadium concert) that we grabbed each other, hugging each other with sheer rock and roll excitement ...

and we weren't embarrassed at all.

Patti "read" poetry, and I went ... to St. Mark's Church, across the street from Better Books on Charing Cross Road ... even though the thought of poetry readings normally make me gag. Hers, of course, were different. Patti Smith was a chanter, singer, street poet, above all, performer ... whose rhythms moved her words fast. She used to do one called "Jesse James" - she doesn't do it anymore - and in London she forgot the words and appeared embarrassed. It didn't matter at all and of course she stole the show from the "top-billed" Gerard Malanga.

An issue of the then - tabloid *Crawdaddy* had a "Great Ladies" special, and along with articles on Gertrude Stein, Alice Cooper, Jackie Curtis, Gloria Stavers, Lou Reed and Janis Joplin, an article of mine ran on Patti. I said she was formidable.

The underground elite speculated *then* (1971) that she would be the star of the seventies ... some wanted her to be the next Barbra Streisand. Patti fled in terror from the burgeoning hype. She surfaced for the occasional poetry reading ... and she played the part of a speed freak in a Theater of the Ridiculous production. One night she emerged at the Le Jardin Roof wearing a black feather boa for her annual Rimbaud Reading and sang torch songs. Guitarist Lenny Kaye had consistently backed her during the sporadic appearances; when she performed at Max's over a year ago she added Richard Sohl on keyboards and sang ... really sang, for the first time onstage. She said it was "like a bird flew out of my mouth". For us, her fans, it was the way it was supposed to be.

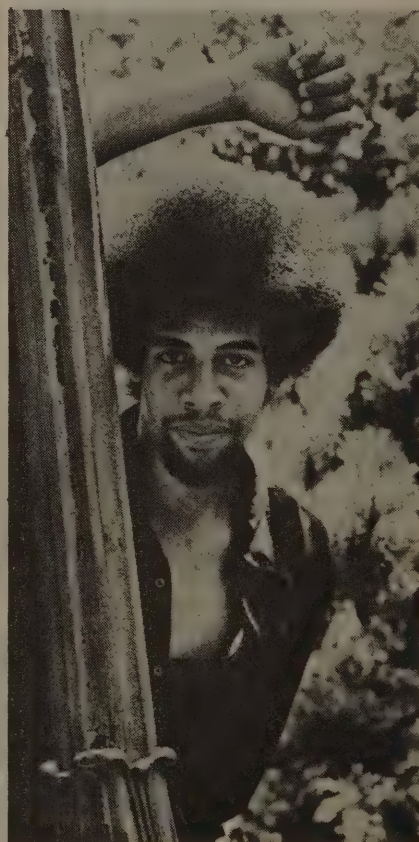
We all knew she said she idolized Dylan and yet I couldn't really believe it, until one night I saw the look on her face as she watched him outside The Kettle of Fish on McDougal Street and I knew it was true. To me, she was so much more interesting than he was. Three years later, he asked her to join his New England bus tour and she politely declined; she and her guys (in addition to Kaye and Sohl, Ivan Kral and Jay Daugherty had joined on guitar and drums) were rehearsing for their own tour.

Patti recently asked someone if their watch was a Cartier, what kind of fur a particular jacket was ... ("it's black ... my color," she said, rubbing up against it) ... she's learning, someone remarked. She always knew, I said. I couldn't believe there was someone who knew about Chris Conner, Edie Sedgwick, Jeanne Moreau, Marianne Faithfull, early James Brown and Johnny Ace all in one breath, but Patti did. She could give an interview every day of her life if she had to and quite possibly never repeat a quote. Whatever form she chooses, she'll entertain.

Patti's debut album "Horses", gives me more energy than any record I've had on my turntable in a long time: there's no way I could possibly "review" something that I consider such a present. She's managed to give back to us some of the magic that she's absorbed, and hasn't forsaken her words or her ideals one bit in the process ... "Horses" is a work of art within the joyful context of rock and roll.

—Lisa Robinson

## "Journey To Love" — Stanley Clarke (Nemperor)



"Journey To Love", Stanley Clarke's latest solo venture for Nemperor, is quite simply one of the



# RECORDS

most complete artistic successes to come along under the jazz rock banner for quite a while. First of all, Clarke is a master of the idiom on both the acoustic and electric basses. His compositions, especially "Concerto for Jazz/Rock Orchestra" and the title tune, just get stronger and more focussed as his melodic strengths continue to evolve. His choice of musicians for this date is impeccable. Jeff Beck — kind of a surprise given his background and style — shows off his powerhouse "evolution from the rock cliché" style by making his Stratocaster "talk" on "Hello Jeff" and "Journey To Love". George Duke, the complete keyboard artiste so much in demand nowadays, provides a universe of textures with the help of an ARP String Ensemble, ARP Odyssey, organ, acoustic piano, electric piano, clavinet, and bells.

Even with all of this, one of the real treats on the lp is a breathtaking acoustic jam featuring Chick Corea on acoustic (!) piano, John McLaughlin on acoustic guitar, and Stanley on acoustic bass. The track is entitled "Song To John (Dedicated To John Coltrane)" and just the fact that the three leading exponents of the new "electric" style — as jazz purists would have it — temporarily dispense with the gadgetry to flow into a brilliant three-way jam in honor of the master is remarkable in itself. That the level of playing is so advanced, with cascading melodies from each player as they spark one other, is an extra added bonus. Their collective interaction is inspired; muted but held in a complex and delicate balance through the sheer force of their artistry.

At this point, it seems fairly clear that Clarke is easily one of the most accomplished musicians of the "new" school. His long years of apprenticeship with a wide variety of jazz groups shines through not only in his spectacular musicianship, but also in his sure instinct for arrangements, composition, and production. If Bruce Springsteen is "rock n roll future" then, without a doubt, Stanley Clarke is "music-future."

It's taken this live album to make me appreciate why this group is so successful: They really serve up the

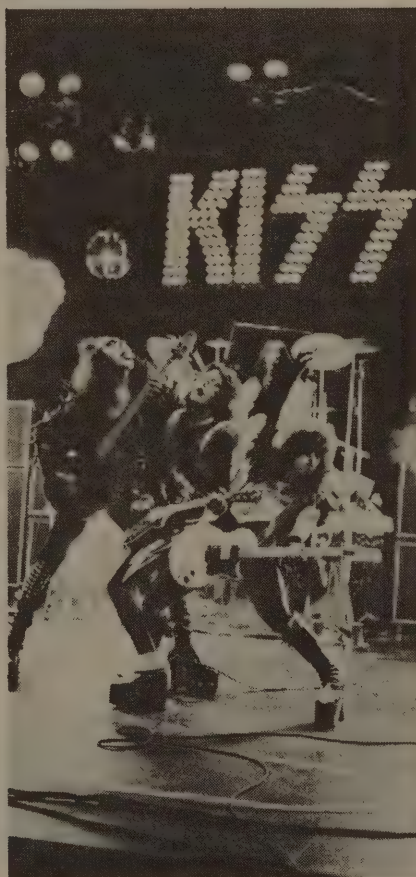
soup. I tag them as pure entertainers in that they have no "art" they're trying to snag immortality with; they'd probably do anything the audience wanted, with no reservations attached. If this LP is representative, Kiss obviously like their audience. They don't nip off a set 15 minutes early so they can then play an encore without over-fulfilling their contracts. This set hammers away for about an hour (three sides), and the encore is four more songs.

Kiss work hard. They obviously can't make rock classics as Alice and others have done, but they want to be loved like the classic-makers — and now they are.

— Crawford Damascus

## Kiss Alive!

Casablanca NBLP 7020-798



Fin Costello

For weeks I'd been hearing rumors along the Boone's Farm grapevine that this wasn't a bad package. For too long I'd been lazily assuming that if you looked like these bat monsters you didn't have to play

anything — I mean literally *anything*. I figured you just stand there in the middle of your flame-pot instant apocalypse with blood dripping down your shirt, stomp around like a California earthquake to the accompaniment of old World War II sound-effect records, and maybe kick in an amp when the creative urge strikes you.

Anyway, Kiss do more than that, and the realization that these guys have learned to make noise like the two-record "Kiss Alive!" is heartening. Instead of taking the cheap-shot and coasting along on the Frederick's - of - Hades duds they copped from Alice and the heavy metal sludge inherited from their forefathers, it seems they've really been making an effort to learn their trade. This isn't to suggest that Kiss succeed on any kind of originality level. They borrow musical phrases like Hitler borrowed countries, and we could play Where - Did - That - Lick - Come - From all night ... but who's counting. I'm just pleased that they've got enough respect for the form that feeds them that they've attempted to master its clichéd vernacular.

"Kiss Alive!" is a first-rate document of their stage show, widely considered the LP most representative of their sound, and a shoo-in to be their first gold album. Only problem is, this example of their live set reveals their sound to be *so* devoid of melodic inspiration, *so* barren in the composition department, that the perfectly homogenized technique leaves no after-taste at all. The genuinely exciting major exception — and the kindest introduction I can suggest for those checking out the band for the first time — is "Strutter," a cut originally released on their first LP. It's a swell melody riding on Gene Simmons' bass lines with some nifty fret work from Ace Frehley. The vocal has a redneck accent sauced over what was once Brooklynese, so it comes out sounding like the lead singer of Iron Butterfly pretending to be Jim Dandy Mangrum. It's better than a lot of Grand Funk, and even stands up pretty well against quality stuff like the Cooper repertoire, though admittedly minus the lyrical imagination. Oh yeah, themes. Kiss write almost exclusively about flashy high school nymphet heartbreakers and how tuff they are, a theme even more universally salivary than mental psychosis or the currently chic Pap Romance.

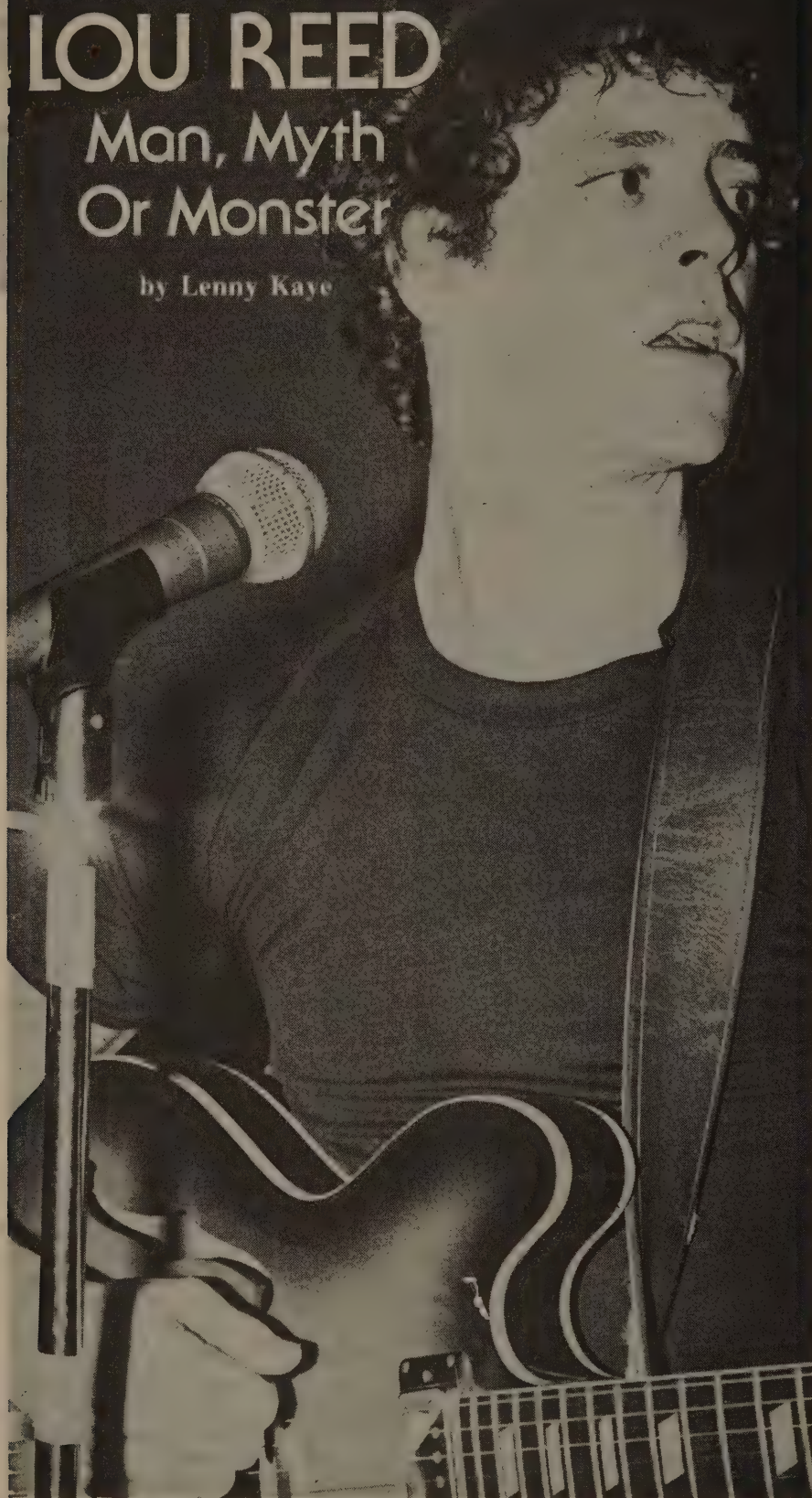


## THE HIT PARADER INTERVIEW

# LOU REED

## Man, Myth Or Monster

by Lenny Kaye



"It has a lot to do with me being in control, though not of a despotic nature...."

There is probably no performer more accustomed to controversy than Lou Reed. From his earliest days as primal mover of the Velvet Underground, through a solo career that has engulfed glam-rock (TRANSFORMER) and "Walk On The Wild Side", sadistic/masochistic rock-opera (BERLIN), and avant-garde dementia (METAL MACHINE MUSIC), he has proved impossible to categorize. His appearance has varied with his personalities, but today his hair is short, colored black and closely cropped, though not unnaturally so. He wears a red t-shirt and his body, which has fluctuated from paunchy to pained in recent years, looks firm and muscular. Lou Reed has a reputation for playing with the press, alternately putting journalists on or dozing them out of existence, but as we made the climb to an upstairs coffee room in New York's Media Sound studios, pretenses and posturings were mutually dropped. "I'm not lying," he told me as we finished the interview. "Not at all. Man, that's over." Perhaps the self-renaissance of his new album, CONEY ISLAND BABY, works toward this sense of assurance. With a band he can trust - Bruce Yaw on bass, Michael Suchorsky on drums, guitarist Bob Kulick - and song titles like "Kicks", "Charley's Girl", "She's My Best Friend", "Glory Of Love" and "ooohhee Baby", it would appear that one of the most enigmatic figures in contemporary rock and roll has found his measure of bliss. Or maybe not. How many times does a snake crawl out out of his skin....? -LK

\* \* \* \* \*

HP: You seem to be pretty excited about the new album....

LR: Yeah. I didn't sleep through this one. I could play this for people and be really proud of it. I was never that much interested in the other albums. I mean, they're okay, but they weren't Lou Reed albums. Or if they were, I was on automatic pilot. But this one is the way we all wanted it, so if people don't like it, then they're definitely not liking my kind of album.

HP: Why such a sudden change?

LR: It has a lot to do with me being in control, though not of a despotic nature....

HP: Have you felt manipulated in the past?

LR: (shrugs) If I was, it was only because I allowed it to be that way. It was the only thing to do at the time.

I wanted to get the Velvets stuff known. That's what I was doing. Like the "Heroin" that got popular, on the *Rock & Roll Animal* album ... we were doing that so long, before the album came out, it's just desecrated. It's so blasphemous that it's horrifying. And like it's not like ... that old Velvets stuff, I think it still cuts anybody going down today. But they didn't have studios that could do the things we wanted, they kept telling us we were crazy.

HP: Do you think your creative thrust changed with *ROCK & ROLL ANIMAL*?

LR: I'm not being a martyr or any of that





Several faces of Lou....

shit, but I had to get popular. People *Love Rock & Roll Animal*.... I know why they do. They're all great musicians on there ... Prakash is a good bass player, Hunter and all are with Alice now. People always used to say that the band overshadows Reed. I picked the fuckin' band! In "Oh Jim", that guitar duel that goes on is so fantastic, so classic — and the only reason it went on is I get off on it. They were looking at me to come in and I said "no way" ... I'm digging it like everybody else. Hunter-Wagner: that was for real on stage. But as far as "Sweet Jane" or "Heroin" goes ... the "Sweet Jane" on the Mercury *Live 1969* album, *that's* "Sweet Jane." The original lyrics, even recorded the day I wrote it. I think that night was the first night we'd ever played it. Some rich kid in Texas had a club. It wasn't even a club. If he liked a group, he'd bring them into the club and invite friends over. It was insane.

But because of *Rock & Roll Animal*, the 1969 album was able to come out. I understand why people like the *Animal* "Heroin", but it almost killed me. It was so awful. Those songs are great for what they are, and for somebody else they'd still be great. But for me it really made me sad. But I kept going through with it because it did what it was supposed to. It got the '69 album out, it got MGM to repackage all those Velvet things. Now they've repackaged it seven hundred different ways, and we still don't see any royalties, but that isn't the point. I've always arranged it so bootlegs could come out ... the Max's live set, now that's another album I really love. If you want to know what Max's was really like — and now you can't — but there, for real ... because Brigid was just sitting there with her little Sony recorder. It's in mono, you can't hear us, but you can hear just enough. "We're out of tune, per usual ... but it's Sunday night, and all the regulars are there, and Jim Carroll's trying to get tuinals, and they're talking about the war ... we were the house band. There it is.

HP: And *ROCK & ROLL ANIMAL* was designed to bring that into prominence?  
LR: The main thing was to get the Velvets

stuff out. Then I could be in a position to do an album that was me, all the way through.

HP: What about *BERLIN*?

LR: It was great what Bobby (Ezrin) did. If I was in charge, I would've done it somewhat differently. But he did a great job, everybody on that album did a great job ... I still think it's a fantastic album, but everybody has their own approach. When you have total control over a thing, you have no excuses. So, *Coney Island Baby*...

I'd gotten to the point where, since the Velvet thing ... I'd done as much as possible, John (Cale) as much as possible. Y'know, people think that me and Nico and John don't get along, that we fight all the time. Of course we fight. Like cats and dogs. But it's one thing if we fight, and another if somebody said something bad about John, or Nico. I'd kill 'em. I'm the only one allowed to say something bad about John or Nico, and vice-versa.

HP: Do you miss working with John?

LR: Cale's incredible, everybody knows that. Sure. I mean, one of the things I want to do, and I know John wants it too, is to get together. He's getting his solo stuff out of the way, he's getting popular. And he really should. But just like with the stuff I'm doing, people don't know what we can really do. What he's putting out now is not all what ... a nth of what he can do. The thing is if he put it out now, it's too much of a different direction. That'd be the end of it.

Nico, for instance, she hasn't done it the way we're doing it. She'd just put it out. Those albums are so incredible, the most incredible albums ever made. *The Marble Index*, *Desertshore*, *The End* ... and try to get a fuckin' copy. You can't get 'em, you can't order them, they're in bins someplace. I have orders in five stores. They've disappeared off the face of the earth. Nico doing "The End" is so unbelievable ... and John ... but then you listen to *Slow Dazzle*. The thing is he's trying to get the Velvets thing too. We talk about it all the time.

HP: Have you seen Nico lately?

LR: (laughs) Ever since I dropped her

harmonium in my loft, she's been a little mad at me. She'd just gotten it and it fell down a flight ... Nico's Nico, that's it. I thought that maybe she should have songs which are more accessible, one or two, like "I'll Be Your Mirror" or "Femme Fatale", just to get 'em to the other stuff. But she chose to do the whole thing. Those albums are priceless. Even *Chelsea Girl*, even with those stupid strings. They brought in Larry Fallon, the most saccharine asshole strings in the fuckin' world over those songs. Who else but Nico?

HP: Do you think the repackages have served the Velvets well?

LR: Well, they leave out a lot of the heavy stuff. It's always "Sister Ray", it's always "Heroin" ... and I'm really glad they're on it, you can hear what we were doing eleven years ago. That's why we closed the *Coney Island Baby* sessions. No producers, nobody to say "hey, you're crazy". When we did "Sister Ray", we turned up to ten flat out, leakage all over the place. That's it. They asked us what we were going to do. We said we're going to start. They said who's playing bass? We said there is no bass. They asked us when it ends. We didn't know. When it ends, that's when it ends.

HP: What about the other members of the group?

LR: Maureen (Tucker, drums) was perfect on that song. She works for IBM now, and you can tell from us that she was born to the job. All we wanted was someone who could play on a telephone book. Sterling (Morrison, guitarist) is teaching English someplace, wishing he was in a rock and roll band. When he was in a rock and roll band, he wanted to be in school.

Like the Velvets were the best kept secret in the world, but they didn't go without having their effect. The records that come out now say Lou Reed and the Velvet Underground, but to me that's depressing. It wasn't me alone; if John had gotten popular ahead of me, then it would have been John Cale and the Velvet Underground. The thing was just to get those albums out. I couldn't, or



John couldn't leave them just sitting there. So I went and decided to get popular. It's as simple as that. And John's doing the same thing. Eventually he'll put out the album he really means. I used to plead with him to put out some of the things he came up with - he had one called "The Piano Exercise" ... oh, Christ! It was great. Anything he does is great. In my book, people ought to be happy he's even on a record.

The thing is he was right not to record them and put them on his albums, because if he did it would just be the Velvets all over again. The track you skip. Because they don't want to hear that. You have to get popular first. I got to the point where I put *Metal Machine Music* out. That was like, okay, now, let's stop fucking around.

HP: At the very least.

LR: First of all, I happen to love that album, I don't care what anybody says. It's more fucking fun...it also happens to be really good.

HP: When did you first start thinking about it?

LR: Oh ... maybe as far back as when John used to work with Lamote Young (avant-garde composer of the drone-like "Dream Symphonies"). It took a long, long time. It's way more complex than people realize, but that's all right. I wasn't going to put it out even; I made it for myself. John and I were always making tapes. A lot are still circulating around. We made soundtracks for underground movies of the time ... we always encouraged bringing tape recorders to our jobs.

HP: What did RCA think about *METAL MACHINE*?

LR: Well, at first they were going to put it on Red Seal, the classical music label. The head of classical music heard it, and he knew who I'd been listening to. But it got put out on the pop label because it was a Lou Reed record, and it was a real Lou Reed record. No bullshit around. You want heavy metal? You got off on *Rock & Roll Animal*? Okay, shmuck, now we'll give you some heavy metal.

The thing is that it's a fun trip. Not for most people because they get scared off, and I set it up that way. There are frequencies in there that are against FCC law to use, they use them in surgery. But if you put certain combinations of tones together, and keep building on them harmonically ... there's seven thousand melodies. Like Sibelius will go sliding by, whoosh. It's all really speed, to say the least. I don't say that facetiously. The thing is that there's enough there to have fun with. I wasn't going to put an instructional pamphlet in with it. Those who knew would know, and those who didn't, fuck 'em. Like they saw "hey man, it's a rip-off, \$7.98, he's standing in front of a microphone..." What can you do? I should've charged eighty nine dollars and seventy four cents for it. They ought to be glad it's out. I'm glad it's out.

HP: Were you pleased at its reception?

LR: The rock reviews tore the shit out of it, but that's to be expected. Which is ex-

actly why John and I didn't put out a whole slew of things. Look at what you're dealing with. Look at Nico's stuff that's out. With that and fifty cents you can get on a subway. I never put out a double-album before. I was in control of that thing from the graphics on down. I mean, I gave them a finished product, already mastered. It's in quad, too ... in quad! People don't understand. It's sixteen minutes and one second long on each side; that wasn't a joke. I was trying to just, I guess obliquely say that this thing is enormously accurate. Y'know, if you put it down as white noise, or just the sounds of the city or anything else those assholes said, well, fine. Then I don't mind taking their money for it. I gave that album to RCA, I didn't get rich off of it.

HP: How'd you go about putting the album together?

LR: It goes back years. I did part of it when I was living in the loft, and then I needed more machines to do it. I've been having these synthesizer freaks asking me what kind of synthesizers I was using. I didn't use a synthesizer. It says right on the back, "no synthesizers". No Arp. Can't they listen? You can tell a synthesizer or an Arp two blocks away. It's just a lot of amplifiers. When I was living in the loft it was just me, a bed, and our stuff ... five or six huge amplifiers and guitars. And I could hook 'em all in series. We'd come flying in at five in the morning and play "Sister Ray" through them. I was the only guy living in the building except for this junkie upstairs. He used to jump up and down on the floor when we'd get going. He wasn't too happy. But I did one of the basic tapes for *Metal Machine* there. And I knew I couldn't go any further for a while.

I also knew I had to do the whole thing myself. It was the only way to do it. John's the same way. When he feels it's time, he's going to lay one out. He's building to it slowly, the same way I am. *Berlin* was a little ... (he punches his fist into his palm).

HP: Where does *SALLY CAN'T DANCE* fit in?

LR: (spreads his hands) It went top ten. I think by *Metal Machine* people are starting to get the picture. Even the most crazed reviewers ... to do that and get away with it. *Billboard*: "recommended cuts: none." There aren't any. The thing that people don't understand is it's not a scam.

HP: Well, assume that someone's bought the record expecting *ROCK & ROLL ANIMAL* and though shocked, they're still willing to see your side of the music. Is there anything you might be able to tell them in the way of assistance?

LR: First of all, the only way to listen to it is on headphones. Hearing it on speakers is ridiculous, and you don't listen to it with people. Let's do it right. Listen to it by yourself. And the thing is, each side is more dense than the one before it, and it's in a different perspective. That's what the combinations and permutations are. It's not me standing in front of a microphone, it's not a rock and roll album. It's a machine in front of a machine.

Now. If you take the balance and you put it right in the middle, listening on headphones ... it doesn't stay even. That's the way I happened to get off on it that day. But you can put the balance anywhere, and you can also put the tone anywhere, the volume ... it changes every which way you do it.

HP: You mentioned before some FCC-outlawed frequencies ... are there any dangers in listening to the record?

LR: Not specifically, but I had to take it into consideration. There's a film-maker friend of mine and John's; mainly John's, named Tony Conrad, who did a thing called *Flicker*. Now *Flicker* was using the same basic idea, playing around with strobes. In our show, the guy who was doing lights, he committed suicide eventually, Danny Williams. But he got into the same idea, which was combinations of strobe lights. If you didn't do it randomly - and people still think that *Metal Machine* is random, which it isn't - people could literally get bowled over. Tony showed *Flicker*, which was exposed frames and unexposed frames, at the old Cinematheque, and the first night he showed it two kids had a heart attack. The next day they had to have a disclaimer. People thought they were kidding, but bam!, there was an epileptic fit. It worked. Danny Williams ... the strobes we were using when we were doing the *Exploding Plastic Inevitable*, he would sit for hours up at the Factory, all that aluminum, seven strobe lights, and you can imagine. He used himself as a test subject. John and I, that's why we used to wear sunglasses when we played. We didn't want to see it. We knew, and Danny, he was so far gone he killed himself.

That's what I'm doing with the sound frequencies. Like certain combinations ... there's bound to be a combination that'll hit you. And it makes things happen. Like when people go "om" to set a vibration in their body. That's like the bottom line, and that's what happens in *Metal Machine*. I played it for a friend of mine, and she came. She's very together, though.

HP: And if you're not so together?

LR: If people think it's a ripoff, or just noise, I hope they're able to return the record. That really fucks me up, though. They had the hugest album returns and finally took it off the market. But on the other hand, it got to more people than it would ever had, and a totally different audience, than if RCA had gone classical with it. To me, that would've been the worst dilettante trip, sticking it in the electronic section. That's just like saying it's smart stuff, folks, and we'll put it over here, and we'll put the bullshit rock and roll over there. And I hate that.

HP: Do you think it established you again as an underground artist?

LR: No ... yes ... how would I know? There isn't any underground anymore. There really isn't. It was just something I did. It was my way of saying hello. Really. It's like a toy. When I need to go to sleep, that's what I use it for. It takes all the bile out of you if you listen to it on that level. And there's other ways. They loved it in



Japan. They had a reception for me over there and they were just playing it away. They went nuts. John Rockwell from the *New York Times* loved it. Rock and roll people had a field day making fun of it. And maybe they're right. Can you imagine a guy in the promo field running that thing to a Top 40 station, or even a progressive? A hit single? No way.

People who think I got something out of it, monetarily or otherwise, should have another thing coming. All it accomplished was negative. It'll be that much harder for *Coney Island Baby* to prove itself. A lot of people got turned off, and I am so happy to lose the people who got turned off, you have no idea. It just clears the air. That's the end of it. *Metal Machine* was going to be my last record. If anybody wanted *Coney Island Baby*, it was going to have to be my way.

HP: And has it been like that?

LR: Look around you. We started last Saturday. Everybody's been fabulous. It's a very small group of people, just me, Bruce, Michael, Bob, and Godfrey Diamond, our engineer. Period. Ken Glancy, the president of RCA, he's just been incredible. I can't think of many presidents of record companies who would go along with this. This is coming out just totally the way I want it, from top to bottom. Which means totally the way the other guys want it too, because we all want the same thing. That was the whole idea. I love this fucking album, and I love the people who are involved in it, and I

love Ken Glancy for letting me do it.

HP: Are you working in a band context now?

LR: Oh, yeah....

HP: These are the guys who will be going on the road with you?

LR: ....oh, yeah ... oh, yeah....

HP: What kind of guitar are you playing now?

LR: A Stratocaster. I've been waiting years to get the right one. I can't believe it. Three days before the session I ran into it. I had a Les Paul Junior, which I loved, but all my life I've wanted the right Fender Strat, and I've never been able to find it. Once on tour one of the guys had a '58 Strat, and that was it, and this is as good as that. There are a lot of them around, but it's not like they're all the same. You gotta check each one. I bought this one on the spot. I don't even play the Les Paul anymore.

HP: This is probably as generalized a question as you'll get, but after ten years, what keeps driving you to make music?

LR: Well, let me put it this way. When we started out, we didn't start out on this money thing. But apparently, at this point, I'm really worth a lot of fighting over. It got past the juncture where I could say I just wanted to play my music, my guitar, blah blah blah. It was way too complicated. John knows that, and I know that. With the Velvets, we made a record by accident. Who knew why? We just put out whatever we wanted. That's what this album is all about.

I've gotten myself to a position where I have the freedom to make this record. Anyone who doesn't like it, well, that's fine with me, 'cause I like it. The other albums, if the audience didn't like them, I could defend this way or that way. But I don't have to pretend to a position of power in order to put out the thing I really want, because *this* is the thing I really want to put out. And all the albums I put out after this are going to be things I want to put out. End statement. It's a very simple, basic rock and roll album, and I'm as proud of this as I am of anything I did with the Velvets, which is really saying something. After that, you might say there's a long break, a very long pause. But that pause ... I did what I could. What a trip, let me tell you...

No more bullshit, dyed hair, faggot junkie trip. Having to do "Heroin" that way, it was so awful. It almost killed me. The worse I was, the more they bought. It was incredible. *Sally Can't Dance* goes to number ten. What a horror. It went top ten and it sucks. People who want more *Rock & Roll Animal*, sorry. I mimic me probably better than anybody, so if everybody else is making money ripping me off, I figured maybe I better get in on it. Why not? I created Lou Reed. I have nothing even faintly in common with that guy, but I can play him well. Really well.

I finally reached the point. There was no reason anymore. Hey, give me a reason ... I would've left it with *Metal Machine* and the Velvets. Period. But I was given a reason, mainly by friends. If they let you do it, they said, do it. If you can't, don't, because that'll kill you. And everybody connected with *Coney Island Baby* knows that to have me record it, *Coney Island Baby* being *Coney Island Baby*, it couldn't be tampered with. There's no outside disruptive forces, no advice, no looking over my shoulder.

I used to sleep through my sessions. With this one, I can't even sleep when I come home at nights. It's how I used to feel when the Velvets were together, but it's not a nostalgic trip. 'Cause the old Velvets stuff was about ten years ahead, so if I start doing my part now, I should be right in tune with 1979. □



Michael Putland





# PAUL KOSSOFF

## The Long Crawl Back

by James Spina





The piercing, tortured guitar lines of Paul Kossoff are the last ¼ of Free to see the light of new group fulfillment. The efforts of Paul Rodgers and Simon Kirke have landed the commercial success of Bad Company. Andy Fraser's loping bass playing and blisitic songwriting is in Sharks legacy and currently receiving critical lauds through the likes of The

Andy Fraser Band (available as a British Import). Paul Kossoff has literally crawled back but the results should be no less astounding.

"I was dead. It's as simple as that. Thirty five minutes of body function breakdown and I'm lucky that I'm here right now."

Here-right-now is London a few days

before the American release of Back Street Crawler's "The Band Plays On" (Atlantic). The album had been recorded and the new band was on the eve of a major concert tour when an admitted 'build-up of poisons in me body' nearly devastated Paul forever. For the rest of the band (Mike Montgomery-keyboards, Tony Braunagel-drums, Terry Wilson-bass, Terry Wilson - Slesser - vocals) the wait was on.

Terry Wilson-Slesser; "Paul had been the needed fire in our collective careers. The band was taking on a fine balance of responsibilities. Mike's keyboard playing had given us the visual and musical edge to shrug off any stock Bad Co.-Free comparisons and Paul's guitar work had given each song a nasty and ominous bite lost to the majority of studied rock groups."

So for Paul Kossoff it became more than a personal battle for life.

"They were depending on me and I knew it. At first I feared loss of all abilities on my instrument but slowly and surely the knack returned. In fact it is the anticipation of return and conquest that has aided my recovery. The album has a live feel but real Crawler music needs concerts so that will be my medicine."

There was one other step between Free-days and Crawler-time. A solo effort, "Back Street Crawler" (on Island Records).

"It was really just a bash with the tapes running. Friends kept coming over to help me out. (those friends being Paul Rodgers, Andy Fraser, Simon Kirke, Tetsu, John Martin, Jess Roden, Rabbit Alan White and Trevor Burton to name a few). In retrospect we are lucky to be out of the Island commitment though because the similarities between that record and the new one are in name only. In the final period of Free I had come into contact with Rabbit, a keyboard-songwriter from Texas. He has been a vital ingredient in the music of Johnny Nash for the last couple of years. Through him I came in touch with Mike, Tony and Terry. They'd been the nucleus of Nash's Sons of the Jungle band which had toured America last year. We rounded it out with Terry Wilson-Slesser on vocals."

The recorded prelude to Crawler has more credentials than just Paul's contributions with Free. Crawler is a band with their dues paid up in full.

The soul vibes on Johnny Nash's "Celebrate Life" LP were so strong that I figured the band to be peopled by Jamaicans. It was a surprise to see the same band in live concert and be confronted by a sea of white faces and a slew of Texan drawls. One of the songs on Nash's LP "Standing In The Rain" was even written by Crawler bassist Tony Braunagel. Montgomery, Wilson (this is getting confusing with two people named Terry Wilson in the same band!) and Braunagel have also racked up record time in a group called Bloontz on Evolution Records. The album, a bargain bin classic, is a gutsy sounding disc of

(continued on page 60)





# BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN

## Lightning Strikes On Thunder Road

by Joseph Rose

Allen Frederickson

Sometimes there's no way around it and you've just got to revert back to those old spaced-out wallbanger phrases from the '60s, so here goes: "Hey, far out, man!" "Like wow!" "Outasight!"

The exclamations are in honor of Bruce Springsteen, a gentleman we introduced to HIT PARADER readers a couple of issues back. In the short time since then, he's already become the superstar we predicted, and even those johnny-come-latelys of rock and roll, Time and Newsweek, heralded the fact by putting him on their covers the same week, something unprecedented for a rocker.

All this attention and brouhaha, and Bruce must be on a gigantic ego trip by now, right? Wrong!

"It's a question of not losing your perspective," he says, "of not starting to think of yourself as something that you're not, as more than you are, you know."

"What do you think of yourself as being?" I ask Bruce across the small table in a small hotel room. Bruce is watching the soundless TV behind my back and doesn't answer right away.

"Huh, man," he finally says, "I don't know ... It's like, uh ... what do you think of yourself as being?"

Aha, he's trying to turn the tables on me, I think, but I tell that I do occasionally think about what I am and where I'm going.

"See, that's your problem," says Bruce. "You know what your problem is?"

What? I ask, slightly taken aback by the turn toward amateur psychiatry.

"You're too serious. You read too many books, I'll bet." Bruce laughs heartily and turns to a member of his road crew and a record company publicist sitting on the next bed. "Ain't this the most serious guy you ever seen? You are very serious. You gotta watch out."

I thank him for his concern and offer to bet that he reads books, too.

"The last book I read was 'The Exorcist,'" he says, laughing, "and before that I read 'The Godfather'. That was three years ago. I don't have time to read books. You know what it's like. I don't have patience either. That's my problem. If I get into reading them, I like to read them. But I can't sit there and take all them hours reading a book."

"That was my problem in school. I couldn't stand reading them books. Not that I didn't like them. I just didn't have the patience to do it. Because, like, if something's going to happen, I like to make it happen. Like if I want to do a song, I want to do it right now."

Didn't he ever think about what he was doing then?

"Well, I always keep tabs on that, but like I keep tabs as I'm doing it. All I do is try not to let things slip out of control





Like I don't like to let things fall out to where all of a sudden it's running me around and I ain't running it around."

It sounds as though Bruce has got the whole fame trip sussed, all right. Being on the covers of the news magazines has traditionally proven to be a jinx, and already there is a Springsteen backlash. Articles are appearing that attack him for seemingly no other reason than the fact that he has received so much acclaim. The record company publicist points out that Edwards has proved to be a very unlucky name for Bruce because three writers with that last name have all written venomous articles.

Bruce can't be oblivious to the maelstrom whirling around him, but he sure seems that way. Out on tour, his pleasures are still the same ones. In Chicago, for instance, he and the E Street Band did take the obligatory tour of the Playboy Mansion and enjoyed the game room with all the free pinball machines, Pong and pool. But after a dinner of pizza, it was off to the South Side ghetto and the tiny Queen Bee club to see legendary bluesman Junior Wells. Miami Steve Van Zandt sat in on guitar with the warm-up band, but Bruce was content to just quietly sit there and soak up the good music with a smile on his face.

Maybe it's because he's been through so much, including a previous build-up as the "new Dylan" a few years ago. But it's also just a part of his unflustered attitude about his life and music. Last time we spoke, he told how he had gradually decided to relinquish some of his guitar playing in favor of doing more as a lead singer. This interest finally led to his hiring Steve to play guitar in the band. I ask him whether Steve's joining caused a major change in the band's sound.

"No, no, it was no big deal. Putting a guitar down is no big deal. One difference is you ain't holding it in your hand and you ain't making noise." He laughs as I squirm and then continues:

"It's no big incredible changeover or nothing. I felt like that's what I had to do next, so I'm gonna do it. It keeps it interesting for me. I always like to keep it like alive, never let the band go to sleep onstage, always throwing them some curve balls so they got to be awake all the time." Well, that certainly explains what happened one night when he was appearing at New York's Bottom Line club. He had finished the set and had just been called back by the screaming crowd to do an encore. In adjusting the guitar strings, he picked out a few notes and then all of a sudden he was playing that spooky guitar passage from "Outer Limits," the old instrumental hit based on the TV science-fiction series. The band looked at him as if he were crazy, but then picked up their instruments and joined in a full-blown version of the number.

But back to Bruce, who is talking about how Steve came to join the band: "I'd known Steve for years and years, since we were 16. We played together in countless other bands. At the time I started this band, I just couldn't afford a guitar



player. I tried to keep it down to as small a membership as I could."

"And like, I'd never hire a guy because he was my friend, you know, unless it's a guy like Steve, who is a very talented guy in his own way. He had his own band down in Jersey, and he's a good band-leader himself. It wasn't until I felt that I could use him and needed him that I hired him. And like it's been perfect. It's been great. He's really added a whole lot."

"He's a local, man. If you keep with the cats around your town and the people that you grew up with, then you maintain your essence. Rather than having to go outside for cats. You can get very technically proficient guys, and you can get great guys, but it's like there's nothing like it, man. And it just shows."

"When there's a guy that you've known a lot of years there and he knows what you've been through and you know what he's been through, and you've both been through a lot of those same things together you've sat in them bars wondering where it was gonna go down and then he's there and it's coming down then, you know, there's nothing that can replace that kind of stuff."

Now that it is all going down so well, Bruce could easily slip into the predictable and play it safe with tried-and-true audience pleasers. But while he won't tolerate sloppiness, neither does he want everything to run like clockwork. I ask him about this paradoxical position.

"It's only in the sense of onstage," he says. "And there it's like just a balance between both. I like the control, and I like the uncontrol at times. I like them both. From day to day I like to see things happening in a relatively controlled manner. Like I like to see the band here on time, and I like to see this happening and this happening and this happening. On a day-to-day basis, it gives you some sort of base."

The base is rock-solid, as was proven



one night when Bruce performed a phenomenal set while sick as a dog. No one except close friends realized how ill he was, so powerful was his performance. How did he do it?

"I think I got into this thing where I felt so bad that I was determined to do it really good, you know. It works that way on me, too. Because I felt so lousy that I was into this thing where I said, 'Man, I feel lousy,' and then it started pissing me off that I felt this bad and got really determined, so that's what happened."

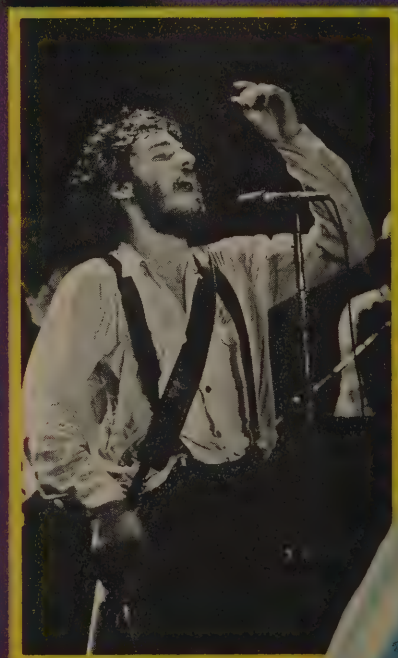
What happened was a kind of madness. One moment Bruce was jumping around onstage, the next he was sliding to the floor on his mikestand, the next he was crawling over the stage past startled customers or stalking through the audience in search of "Kitty." Was it all contrived and rehearsed as some of the negative critics have been charging?

"There's certain things that you do that express a certain thing at a certain moment that you'll maybe do night after night, simply because whatever it is, it's just right, it's perfect for this particular thing. There's a million other little things that you do slightly different, and a million other things that you do totally

(continued on page 58)



Allen Frederickson











# **ROXY MUSIC'S BRYAN FERRY** **Or... BRYAN FERRY'S** **ROXY MUSIC...???**

by Lisa Robinson



"A lot of people in England didn't know that I was still in Roxy Music," Bryan Ferry confided to me when we talked in London recently. "Because my solo career's been so successful here. I've been seen on TV more, I've been photographed more ... for Joe Public, I think, for Mr. Average .. well, he's just more aware of Bryan Ferry than he is of Roxy Music. I needed to let them know that I was still in Roxy Music .... that's why when we first started to tour England this time, we sent out press releases that announced "Bryan Ferry and Roxy Music". A lot of people I meet just don't know I'm in Roxy Music, they think it's two separate things. Usually people split from a band to start a solo career, so in my case it was a bit confusing. Anyway - that kind of announcement wasn't any kind of maneuver to destroy the group - I just thought the confusion should be cleared up."

"But it was never put on the programs or the posters as 'Bryan Ferry and Roxy Music'," he added. "I just think that the record should be straight." Of course, I added, in America, kids don't have that enormous media emphasis on the difference between your solo and Roxy career, but I still think that they think of *you* primarily, when they think of Roxy Music. "Well, that's the way I prefer it to be," Bryan said honestly, "because that is my work. I mean my life's work is there on those five albums - and those two solo albums are a bit off the wall. They're a bit kind of supplementary - companions to the Roxy albums. If I was to do my own songs on the Bryan Ferry albums, well -





then they'd just become more close together."

Being as diplomatic as possible, I ventured that it did seem a bit as if the band was close to breaking up; first, there were the rumors I had heard about Phil Manzanera and Andy McKay leaving; ("If they're going to, they haven't told me," Bryan said.), and also, because of the egos involved. Despite the excellent guitar playing of Manzanera, and Andy McKay's onstage ebullience, the band has always seemed to be carrying out the musical ideas that Ferry brought with him to the studio. After the obvious clash with Eno after the second album (first album?), the lineup - with the exception of the ever-changing bass player, of Roxy Music has remained the same.

Violinist Eddie Jobson - who is becoming much of a scene stealer and is obviously a dedicated musician, steady, dependable drummer Paul Thompson, McKay and Manzanera, and Bryan. "It's hard in a band," Bryan said thoughtfully, "because different members think differently, and they don't always think of what they would do next. Phil had a lot of things written about his solo album, it was a 'critical success over here, and I suppose that's made him think about his future .. Actually, I've heard that 'Diamond Head' - the one solo thing he does now onstage, and I've been backstage and heard that and thought it sounded really good. But he should have done it with me - it would have been better....."

"It's really music that I've designed, more than anything else. And music I've arranged - Roxy Music. I like making records .. I'm there for the whole process, from the first overdub to the last, involved with the entire thing - not just the lead vocals."

Bryan continued, "I make all the decisions that happen with this band with Mark (Fenwick, Roxy's manager). We sit and thrash everything out and often it's three in the morning by the time we decide on something - and they're all married, and you just can't ring them up at three in the morning and say 'is it all right with you if the typeface on the album is

dark blue rather than black? You know? It's those kind of things - obviously I've had to be the leader in *that* regard as well as the music..."

"You know the night I finished doing this record I had to go rehearse and then three or four days later we started the tour ... One thing after another. Like with the two Wembley concerts, we had this video thing - and you just hope that it worked out okay. You can't turn around and say 'wait, stop, no ... wrong angle, that's not the right side' ... With the girls singing it's helped as well because with this latest record I've done up to ten voices on several tracks, and the girls could even do more. But they look nice, and it takes some of the visual responsibility away from the band a bit. The band, this way, don't have to try so hard to look good, they can concentrate on playing." It also takes some of the responsibility off you... "Mmmm, yes."

The show that Roxy Music did in England was probably a bit longer than the one they would bring to the United States this time: "It depends on where we're playing," Bryan explained. "I can see us doing a longer set in Cleveland or Detroit, where some of our old fans are..." (At the time of this writing Bryan wasn't sure exactly where the band would perform. He assumed that there would be some dates in new places, and for those - Roxy would do a shorter, introductory set.) In England, the band did a lot of slower numbers the total time onstage was about one hour and forty minutes, for the States it could be trimmed down to one hour ten minutes. "It's very nice to do a slow number so people can sit there and listen - it's like a treat rather than just going onstage and wham-wham."

I commented to Bryan that ever since he's been with Roxy - since they really hit right off in England - he hasn't had much time off. "Except for the conventional businessman's holiday," he smiled, "no. I've never had a layoff period, let's put it that way." I wondered if he felt as *ambitious* as he once did, especially about "making it" in America. "I think it would be rather nice," Bryan said simply, after a long pause.

"Especially if I want to develop my interests in other areas (*aha*, me) - it would be a sort of security to have a big recording success behind me..." What do you mean other areas, films? "Yes, films, and producing other people..." Really? Is that something you want to do? "Yes, I'd quite like to do a record with the girls, actually ... I've always wanted to do a girl record, and these two sing very well. And they kind of look good as well."

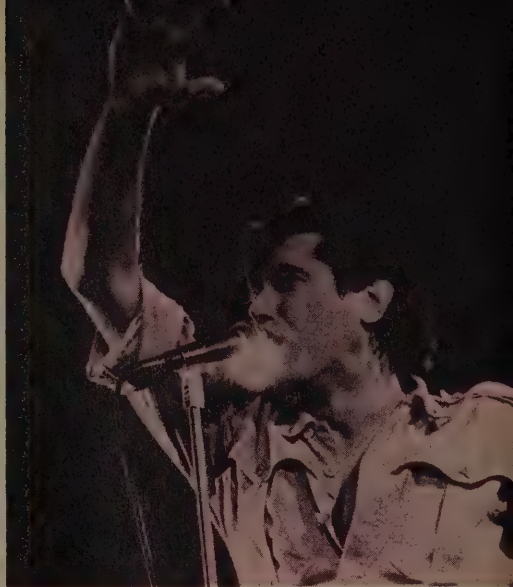
No Robinson-Ferry discussion would be complete, of course, without the obvious questions about *How He Chose What He's Wearing On This Tour*? "I just wanted something ... I didn't want anything *too* formal, something that would look good when I got onstage, and then when I got off. You know when you first go onstage, it's like looking a bit respectable, like when you're meeting your date. Your tie's in place, hello to the crowd. And it should also look good as the show

develops, when you're sweating ... I've always kind of liked the idea of entertaining the troops, you know?"

"Sort of like Bing Crosby ... it's a cross between a lot of things ... The kids are still interested in what I wear though, if we played two nights in a town there would be some kids who would have seen pictures, and they know vaguely what you'll be wearing - by the second night you see some kids who have really got it together, you know, with the tie tucked into short sleeve shirts, and so forth," he laughs. "It's not all that important, but it's additionally a nice thing. Of course I could come onstage like this," he gestures to his v-neck tennis sweater, patched/faded jeans and sneakers, "and they'd either read something into it, or they'd get into it. It's like clothes are fun, they're not the most important thing in the world, but they are interesting."

To go further with The Image, though, do you feel that you've done what you started out to do? "Well, when I first started, I kind of liked the idea of behind the scenes anonymity, and then I saw it didn't work. So I had to come more and more up front ... I always used to play the keyboards in ninety five percent of the tracks of the Roxy albums, but I can't do that onstage because I can't sing and play at the same time that well ... So perhaps people thought that I was being pushy .. by coming up more to the front, but it just seemed right. At the beginning, Eno had more of an image than anyone, but I feel that if some people felt that the image quotient went down, the music certainly has gone up. Now it's much easier for me onstage, I say now - I mean for the last two years."

Of course there is none of this problem in America; no one can compare what Roxy was like with Eno really - for no one really saw him with Roxy here (save a few of us who remember things like the ill-advised Madison Square Garden/opener for Jethro Tull disaster, and things like that) - and for many of Roxy's real fans here, Bryan Ferry *is* Roxy Music. "Well, it's not that bad here either, really, people here know that the band has improved since the first record....." □

















# BOB DYLAN'S ROLLING THUNDER REVUE

## Happy Birthday, America

By Lisa Robinson







The scene is backstage, or in a hotel room — somewhere in England, 1965. Bob Dylan is talking to a girl after one of his shows: "How'd you like the show," he asks. "Well - I liked your part very much," she answers, "but I don't like The Band much." "Well," he smiled, "I have to give my friends work, don't I?"

— from "Eat The Document"  
film made by Howard Ork and Dylan of UK tour for TV

\* \* \*

Waterbury, Connecticut is only two hours out of New York City but it is smack in the heart of America; Holiday Inns and fast food Jack in the Box stands dot the highways. The Palace Theater, literally on East Main Street, is like any old cinema ... funky and once fabulous ... in any town. It sure is weird to see "The Rolling Thunder Revue" on the marquee, with the names of Bob Dylan and Joan Baez, just like that. Of course it's only on two sides of the marquee, the other features the announcement of the impending arrival of The Kinks, Richie Blackmore's Rainbow, and Kiss. The Palace is opposite a Woolworth's, next to the Hotel Palace, and Veneziano's Market ... real ordinary. A far cry from the huge arenas where Dylan performed two years ago ... when you had to send in for a lottery chance of getting a ticket.

Mind you, I've never dropped dead at the sound of Bob Dylan's name, or voice, but I immediately warmed to the idea of this show. The atmosphere at this theater particularly, was intimate; (obviously lots of other critics and music industry people wanted to see the show in Waterbury for just that reason, there were many familiar faces among the 3000 seat audience.). The "Rolling Thunder Revue" curtain was already rolled up to reveal the band ... T-Bone Burnette, (guitar), "Rockin' "Rob Stoner (bass), Mick Ronson (guitar), David Mansfield (slide guitar, dobro, fiddle), Howie Wyeth (drums), Steve Soles (guitar), Luther Rocks (percussion) .. and through my opera glasses I could clearly see Ronnee Blakely sitting to the side of the stage in a rocking chair, rocking in time to the music..

The assembled musicians did some numbers together ... country type rockers, and then they all did solo bits. The show is nothing if not democratic; Rob Stoner did a song called "Catfish", Mick Ronson did "Life on Mars" (not Bowie's "Life on Mars" from "Hunky Dory" LP). Ronno - I must say this now, was not at all out of place as I thought he would be. He's totally at ease with these musicians, and playing better than I've ever seen him do with anyone (including you - know - who). He's an attractive addition to this lineup, and for the first time that I can remember — is his exact height. (There's not a platform boot in sight on this tour.) Ronno must be relieved to be able to come onstage wearing just a black shirt (open almost to the chest of course) and jeans; he also seems ecstatic at the obvious rapport he has with Dylan. (Dylan, in fact, seems to depend on him quite a bit ... turns around

Photos by Bob Gruen

to look at Ronno, smiles, etc..) Bobby Neuwirth, who was in good spirits and acting as MC, sort of, introduced Ronson as "someone we stole from England" and added, "and David Bowie didn't write 'Life on Mars' - it was written by Roscoe West."

Someone in the audience yelled out "BOB DYLAN.." and Neuwirth cracked, "Yeah ... well, he's in your wallet," and introduced Ronnee Blakely. "We found her in a bar and took her with us ... she looks good too." Unfortunately, she doesn't sound that great ... and although she does a song with Neuwirth that's okay (something he dedicated to Darry Poons and Sandy Bull — oh, is *this* folk heaven here), she then goes to the piano to do one of her own songs ... I swear it sounded like she said the title was "Guam". Is this possible? Whatever - it was too loud, too hoarse, and not over soon enough for me.

Next: "I wrote this song for a girl once, and I'm playing her guitar tonight ... so since she couldn't be here we're gonna do it for her," Neuwirth said, and they went into "Mercedes Benz", the song Bobby wrote for Janis Joplin. And then ... Neuwirth sang a song about Ramblin Jack and then Ramblin Jack Elliot came out, wearing the usual denims (everybody wore denims, need I mention that?) and cowboy hat that he has been wearing for the past twenty years. He sang two folk songs ... "Good Morning Captain", I think, and some Woody Guthrie song ... It wasn't boring, it was kind of sweet to see the man who Dylan imitated in the beginning getting a chance to play for a real audience. Then ... all the musicians trooped back onstage and did "Salt Pork/West Virginia" ... Roger McGuinn (who is a dead ringer for Roy Hollingworth) ambled out and joined in on banjo for "Ramblin Boy".

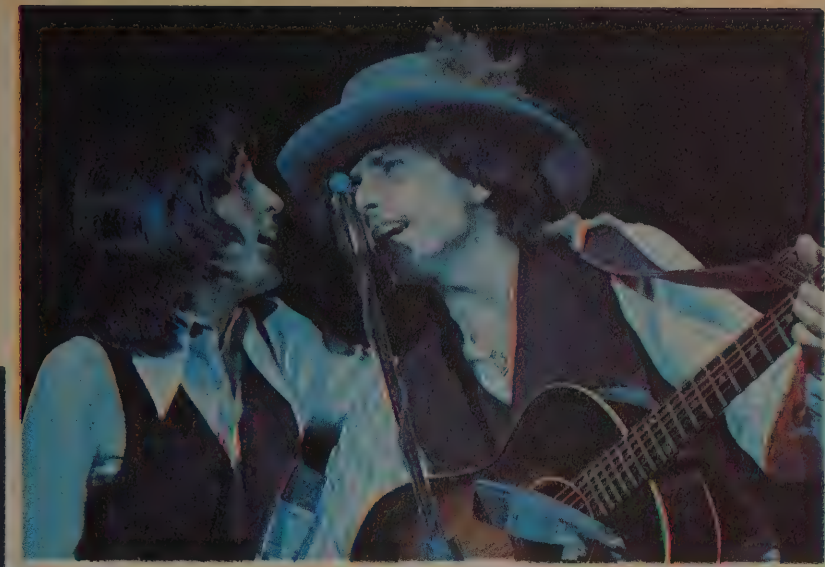
And then ... you knew HE was coming on, because the movie cameramen stood up and focused on the stage. "DYLAN!!", someone yelled, and Neuwirth snarled, "Yeah ... he'll be here in a minute" and there he was. The audience cheered, but not too hysterically, he was sort of just like another musician who just wandered in, except of course he wasn't. Wearing a cowboy hat, jeans, vest, scarf - and flowers in the hat, he and Neuwirth sang "When I Paint My Masterpiece" together, joking, laughing at each other, trading lines back and forth. A cha-cha (really) version of "It Ain't Me Babe" followed, and Dylan has more energy this time around than he did on that tour two years ago with The Band; he was bending down in his knees in *not* the most attractive pose, but really getting into his song. The cameras that were so closely focused on him really weren't that much of an intrusion on what was essentially a low-key concert, one can't blame them for wanting to get this preserved.

Then I noticed ... was it possible that Bob Dylan was wearing *blue eyeshadow* and black eyeliner??? Yes, it was and he was. Although without the dead white face makeup he's painted on for most of the tour dates so far, Bob indeed did have









that Maybelline on his eyes ... maybe for the cameras??

"Hard Rain's Gonna Fall" was next, and it was not totally unlike Bryan Ferry's arrangement, to tell the truth. All throughout his numbers, Dylan obviously led the music, forced it on by tapping his feet, turning and facing the musicians a lot (especially Ronson), broke into smiles occasionally — and always, and most striking — gave out with this incredible energy. "We're gonna dedicate this next song to Sam Peckinpah," Dylan said, and Scarlett Rivera — the gypsy looking violinist (she's amazing, stands utterly still and has hair down to her waist) joined them for one of those Mexicano-type songs....lots of fiesta, cantina ... Bobby Neuwirth jumping around like he was doing a Mexican hat dance.

"Isis" — a great new song (to be included on the next Dylan LP) followed, and Dylan sang it without the guitar. (Patti Smith had told me that when he told her he wanted to perform some numbers on this tour without his guitar, he didn't know what to do with his hands. "Do what I do," she instructed, making her hands into fists and rolling them in time to the music. "People will think I'm imitating you," he said. "Well ... so what?," she replied, "I've been imitating you for ten years.") Anyway, he looked slightly awkward without the guitar, but the tension added to the song: he was practically *dancing* to it.

After a twenty minute intermission (where vendors sold psychedelic t-shirts and carnations in the lobby as well as popcorn and candy ... no liquor was allowed inside the hall at all), you heard the voices of Joan Baez and Bob Dylan singing "Blowin in the Wind" together. The curtain rolled up and there they were — America's 1960 sweethearts singing what some people here consider a national anthem. While it's never been one of my favorite numbers, it was kind of special to listen to them sing it ... very strong voices, nice feeling between them. Of course, Joan was a bit maternal, wiping his brow, arm around him, smiling at him benevolently in exactly the same way it's been described she does at every concert — I could have lived without that. Bob seemed to take it in his stride. They did several ballads together — including the great "Never Let Me Go" written by Johnny Ace, and they sang "I Dreamed I Saw St. Augustine". Then ... "this is for Richard Manuel," Bob said, and "I Shall Be Released" ended the duet-set. "Bob will be back," Joan said — but not soon enough. She proceeded to do about eight songs ... and I suppose it depends on how much of a Baez fan you are as to your reaction. I liked "Diamonds and Rust" — her song about Dylan, I could have easily lived without the fifteen minute a cappella version of "Swing Low Sweet Chariot" which she's been doing for fifteen years. Her Lily Tomlin impersonations (of Lily Tomlin characters which are *themselves* impersonations) were completely ridiculous, ...

(continued on page 58)



# ZZ TOP

## Living in a braggart's bubble

by Bruce Meyer



*I been bad, I been good  
Dallas Texas, Hollywood —  
I ain't askin' for much  
I say Lord take me downtown,  
I'm just lookin' for some Tush*

— "Tush" by ZZ Top,  
c 1975 London Records Inc.

You've got to be a Texan to love Lone Star Beer.

Understand: Lone Star is some of the vilest pony piss ever alleged to be fit for human consumption. But there it is, that *name*; no self-respecting Texan would think of tarnishing his image by admitting the stuff turns his stomach. So he chokes it down and smiles, knowing that by the fourth or fifth bottle it won't matter.

About a dozen people are standing around being bored with each other in a hotel ballroom in Atlanta, waiting for ZZ Top to show up. At either end of the room there are stainless steel tubs, filled with ice and tall brown bottles of Lone Star and cans of Coors (three cases of each, flown in special from Houston). The Coors is going fast.

The room is just starting to look full (and the Coors is about gone) when Billy

Gibbons, Dusty Hill and Frank Beard make their appearance, working their way through the crowd to the beer tubs. No hesitation: Billy grabs a Lone Star, grins, wipes off most of the clinging ice, pours better than half of it down on the first swallow and glances around with an elfish grin and a glint of triumph in his eye.

He has good reason. Two hours ago, Billy G. was holding the end of 20,000 invisible strings attached to the Boogie Centers in the brains of 20,000 people jammed into Atlanta's huge Omni stadium. Billy is a fine guitarist, sure. But his main instrument is people; he plays people like a virtuoso.

Twenty thousand strings: Billy gives a gentle tug here, a subtle twist there, a long, slow caress ... then *jerk!* and the strings go taut and the electricity crackles and the crowd roars an animalistic roar, an involuntary rumble that starts way back in the throat and slides under the thousands of Marshall watts blasting from the stage, lifting them like a wedge.

Through it all, Billy Gibbons has it under control. Control is what ZZ Top's Texas boogie is all about, what sets them apart from all the other metal thunderers.



It's like a good lover: you give 'em a little, lead 'em on, make 'em grit their teeth for it, make 'em want to cut loose so *bad*. And then you let 'em have it. But you keep 'em under control, so you can do it again.

The gut-wrenching potency of these three *hombres* in rhinestone-encrusted Drugstore Cowboy suits is undeniable and accounts for their huge and growing following nationwide. But their record sales are heavily dependent on live exposure: they have yet to capture the full power of their showmanship in vinyl.

Their *First Album*, released in 1971, was tentative and under-produced; *Rio Grande Mud* is solid and has what should have been their first national single, "Francene," but still displays a kind of uncertainty that distracts; their best collection so far is the third LP, *Tres Hombres*, which includes the raunchy single, "LaGrange."

The band's fourth and most recent album, *Fandango*, is a disappointment for all except their most devoted followers, who — despite the bad recording quality (even Billy G. admits that "there's definitely a strange quality to it") — may find the live side amusing. The album is made memorable only by the final cut, which was one of 1975's best singles: "Tush."

"We wrote 'Tush' in Florence, Alabama," says Billy. "It was the hottest show we ever played — in a big tin build-





ing with a dirt floor, a holding pen for a cattle auction. We were rehearsing in the afternoon and found this riff and just started playing it. I swear, we made that song up the first run through. Dusty was just singing whatever came to mind — and that's where his mind's at."

Such lucky accidents are common enough in rock 'n' roll, but not so much for ZZ Top; Bill Ham is why. Ham is ZZ Top's manager, producer and frequent contributor to their songs. He is the man who controls Billy and Dusty and Frank, just like Billy controls the crowds. He built ZZ Top from the ground up, with a deft mixture of business craftsmanship and pure moxie.

Ham is to ZZ (that's what he calls them: "Zeezee") what Colonel Tom Parker was to Elvis, what Brian Epstein was to the Beatles — an astute businessman who saw the potential of an unknown talent and was willing to stick his neck out far enough to make it pay off. The band has sacrificed considerable independence for the rewards of fame and fortune; even to a casual observer, it's clear who calls the shots for ZZ Top.

Ham met Billy Gibbons in 1969, when Billy was with a Houston-based group called the Moving Sidewalks. Even then, he was an impressive guitarist and Ham — then a record promotion man — wasted no time. Auditions for the new band began at a Houston teen club called the Catacombs and Beard — an old ac-

quaintance from Dallas was quickly signed up. Finding a bass player who could keep up with Gibbons' fret-board pyrotechnics and provide a second voice was harder.

"I'd seen Dusy hanging around," says Ham, "but we'd made no attempt to rehearse him. But he was always there, making himself seen, y'know, so I said, 'Okay, cat, let's see what you can do.' And when he got up, it was like magic — there was a *sound* there that just swamped me."

The band started doing one-nighters around Texas ("Jesus," says Billy, "we played in places like Fort Lavaca, Alice,

George West, and Palestine — we played every place there is in Texas."), building up a regional following. Ham's connections with London Records landed them a contract and before long they were working the entire southern half of the country, spreading the gospel of Mythic Texas.

"We live in a braggart's bubble," says Billy G. in a moment of candor. "We've got the prettiest girls, the prettiest horses, the prettiest clothes. Our suits cost \$1300 apiece. 'My gun's bigger than your gun' is







the Texas feeling."

By now, ZZ Top has conquered most of the country. Their albums, good or bad, are virtually instant gold and they seem to break an attendance record

somewhere about every three days, to the delight of statistic-quoting publicity men. But the hardcore Northeast, for whatever reason, remains and the challenge of New York City remains something of a burr

under ZZ's saddle.

"We were talking with some guy about whether the people in different regions could really relate to us, because we sing about things that happen in Texas," says





Billy G. "But I think generally there just isn't that much difference from one part of the country to the other."

Well, maybe. But consider Frank Beard's story behind the song "Precious and Grace," from the *Tres Hombres* album:

"We'd bought a bass in Dallas, at a pawn shop and were driving back to

Houston. Dusty saw these two girls hitching — the ugliest girls I ever saw. One of them had so many scars, it looked like her face had caught fire and they stomped it out with a track shoe.

"They'd just got out of prison and wanted a ride home. We tried to let them out at an exit, but they asked us to keep going down this little dirt road. It was getting really dark and all of a sudden

Precious — the one with the scars — leans over the front seat and says, 'You know, all the boys call this put-out road. Y'all want some nookie? We didn't say nothin' but Billy speeded up like hell. Finally we got to this cabin and this guy comes out with a shotgun and says, 'Precious, is that you?'

"Billy did a doughnut, gettin' out of there."□





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52/Louisiana Lou And Three Card Monty John

52/My Little Town

54/Name Of The Game  
53/No Rebate On Love

55/Over My Head

51/Sailing  
51/Saturday Night  
49/School Boy Crush

46/Volare

47/Wake Up Everybody  
49/We Got To Get Our Thing Together  
53/Welcome To My Nightmare  
44/Woman Tonight

## WOMAN TONIGHT

(As recorded by America)

DAN PEEK

Oh, hold me tight  
Won't you be my woman tonight  
Oh, hold me tight  
Won't you be my woman tonight  
I get the shivers up and down my spine  
The only time I'm happy's when I know she's mine  
So come on hold me tight  
Treat me right  
Won't you be my woman tonight  
Treat me right  
Won't you be my woman tonight.

First I see you  
And then you let me go  
The only time I touch you's when you hold me tight  
All right.

Hold me tight, hold me tight  
Won't you be my woman tonight  
Hold me tight  
Won't you be my woman tonight  
I get the shivers up and down my spine  
The only time I'm happy's when I know she's mine  
So come on  
Hold me tight  
Hold me tight woman tonight.

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## GO ON AND DREAM

(As recorded by Johnny Bristol)

JOHNNY BRISTOL

Go on and dream  
Hey baby it's alright  
'Cause I'll be here when it's over  
You go right on if you wanna and cry  
Said it's alright  
You can always use my shoulder.

You say you had a dream last night  
Ah, you dreamt that I had gone feeling frightened and all alone  
You reached for the light only to see  
That the man you thought had left you baby  
Lay holding your hand in his sleep.  
(Repeat chorus)

You say it comes and goes  
And sometimes it seems so real  
You can almost reach out and feel the pain tearing you apart  
Well, dreams may tell on your conscience baby  
But they tell you what's in my heart.  
(Repeat chorus)

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## IT'S ALL-RIGHT

(As recorded by Graham Central Station)

LARRY GRAHAM

If the music makes you feel like movin'  
It's all-right, yeah  
If the music makes you feel like groovin'  
It's all-right, yeah  
If the music makes you feel like dancin'  
It's all-right, yeah  
Because the music might become enhancing  
It's all-right, yeah.

Dancin' and singin' is all I really ever wanted to do  
Dancin' and singin' is all I really ever wanted to do.

If the music makes you feel like clapping  
It's all-right, yeah  
'Cause you know G.C.S. is happening  
It's all-right, yeah  
If the music makes you feel like singing  
It's all-right, yeah  
Good music to you is what we're bringing  
It's all-right, yeah.

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## I CHEAT THE HANGMAN

(As recorded by The Doobie Brothers)

PATRICK SIMMONS

The days grow short  
The nights are gone  
Since you were here I can't go on  
I cried for you to no avail  
Now my life runs cold when the night  
winds wail.

But I cheat the hangman  
Cheated him many times before  
The bell that tolls the hour  
Has turned sweet lips to sour  
Yes I cheat the hangman  
And even when life has flown away  
I leave a kiss behind.

The rain that fell upon my stone  
Like tears you cry I shared alone  
I walked the night I cannot sleep  
The love you spend you cannot keep.

But I cheat the hangman  
Cheated him many times before  
The bell that tolls the hour  
Has turned sweet lips to sour

Yes I cheat the hangman  
And even when life has flown away  
I leave a kiss behind  
The glow of love will shine  
Lighted windows stare at the stranger  
there

Returning home  
Only lighted windows stare  
At the lonely stranger there returning  
home

Du du du du du du  
Du du du du du du  
Du du du du du du  
Du du du du ooh ooh

Du du du du du du du du du du du du  
Du du du du du du  
Du du du du du du du du du du du du  
I leave a kiss behind  
The glow of love will shine  
Lighted windows stare at the stranger  
there

Returning home  
Only lighted windows stare  
At the lonely stranger there returning  
home.

Du du du du du du du du du du  
Du du du du du du  
Du du du du du du.

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## HE AIN'T HEAVY, HE'S MY BROTHER

(As recorded by Olivia Newton-John)

BOB RUSSELL  
BOBBY SCOTT

The road is long with many a-winding  
turns  
That leads us to who knows where, who  
knows where  
But I'm strong, strong enough to carry  
him  
He ain't heavy, he's my brother.

So on we go  
His welfare is my concern  
No burden is he to bear  
We'll get there  
And I know he would not incur me  
He ain't heavy, he's my brother.

If I'm laden at all  
I'm laden with sadness that everyone's  
heart isn't filled with the gladness of  
love for one another.

It's a long, long road from which there is  
no return  
While we're on our way to there why  
not share  
And the load doesn't weigh me down at  
all  
He ain't heavy, he's my brother.

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## LET'S LIVE TOGETHER

(As recorded by Road Apples)

FIN FINNERTY

Hey baby I got to tell you something  
Something you oughta know  
You're the honey in my sweet life  
I oughta let it show  
When I think about the good times  
Baby that I had with you  
When I feel the way I'm feeling  
The fire baby got to let you know  
Oh baby got to let you know.

I want you baby  
I need you baby  
I love you baby  
Let's live together  
I love you baby  
I's thinkin' maybe say come on baby  
let's live together.

Now baby I wanna tell you something  
Something been on my mind  
You're the sun and the spring of my life  
I oughta let it shine now  
When I think about the happiness  
When I think that you got me feeling  
like this  
Baby gotta let you know  
Gotta let you know.  
(Repeat chorus)

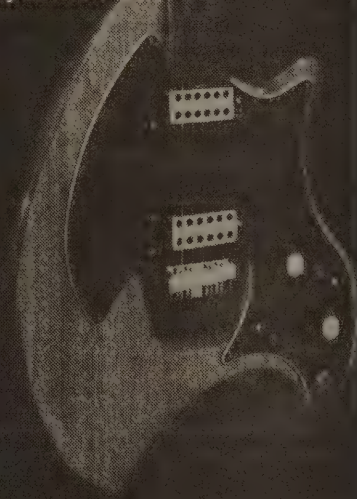
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## EVIL WOMAN

(As recorded by Electric Light Orchestra)

JEFF LYNNE

You made a fool of me  
But them broken dreams have got to  
end

Hey woman you got the blues  
Cause you ain't got no one else to use  
There's an open road that leads no  
where

So just make some miles between here  
and there

There's a hole in my head where the  
rain comes in

You took my body and played to win  
Ha ha woman it's a crying shame  
But you ain't got nobody else to blame.

Evil woman  
Evil woman  
Evil woman  
Evil woman.

Rollled in from another town  
Hit some gold too hot to settle down  
But a fool and his money soon go  
separate ways

And you found a fool lyin' in a daze  
Ha ha woman  
What you gonna do  
You destroyed all the virtues that the  
Lord gave you

It's so good that you're feelin' pain  
But you better get your face board the  
very next train.  
(Repeat chorus)

Evil woman how you done me wrong  
But now you're to wail a different song  
Ha ha funny how you broke me up  
You made the wine now you drink a cup  
I came runnin' every time you cried  
I thought I saw love smilin' in your eyes  
Ha ha very nice to know that you ain't  
got no place left to go.  
(Repeat chorus)

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## LET IT SHINE

(As recorded by Olivia Newton-John)

LINDA HARGROVE

A woman needs attention like the  
flowers need the sun  
Cause without that attention Lord a  
woman feels undone  
And Lord I'm like a flower that's been  
standing in the rain  
Hoping Lord and praying that the sun  
will shine again.

Is there anybody out there who can  
shine  
Any time would be fine  
Is there anybody out there who can  
glow  
And would like to see a little flower  
grow  
Shine on me, let it shine.

A woman needs a love light to keep her  
body warm  
Cause Lord without that love light  
Well her mind can do her harm  
And Lord that light's gone out for me  
I'm standing in the dark hoping Lord  
and praying just to see a little start.

Is there anybody out there who can  
shine  
Any time would be fine  
Is there anybody out there who can  
glow  
And would like to see this woman's love  
light show  
Shine on me, let it shine.

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## VOLARE

(As recorded by Al Martino)

MITCHELL PARISH  
DOMENICO MODUGNO

Sometimes the world is a valley of  
heartaches and tears  
And in the hustle and bustle, no  
sunshine appears  
But you and I have our love always  
there to remind us  
There is a way we can leave all the  
shadows behind us.

Volare, oh oh  
Cantare, oh oh oh oh  
Let's fly way up to the clouds  
Away from the madd'ning crowds  
We can sing in the glow of a star that I  
know of

Where lovers enjoy peace of mind  
Let us leave the confusion and all  
disillusion behind  
Just like birds of a feather a rainbow  
together we'll find.

Volare, oh oh  
Cantare oh oh oh oh  
No wonder my happy heart sings  
Your love has given me wings.  
(Repeat)

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## WAKE UP EVERYBODY

(As recorded by Harold Melvin & The Blue Notes)

G. McFADDEN  
J. WHITEHEAD  
V. CARSTARPHEN

Wake up ev'rybody no more sleepin' in bed

No more backward thinkin' time for thinkin' ahead

The world has changed so very much from what it used to be

There is so much hatred war an' poverty.

Wake up all the teachers time to teach a new way

Maybe then they'll listen to watch-cha have to say

'Cause they're the ones who's coming up

An' the world is in their hands  
So when you teach the children teach 'em the very best ya can.

The world won't get no better  
If we just let it be  
The world won't get no better  
We gotta change it just for you an' me.

Wake up all the doctors make the ol' people well  
They're the ones who suffer an' who catch all the hell  
But they don't have so very long before the judgement day  
So won't-cha make them happy before they pass away.

Wake up all the builders time to build a new land  
I know we can do it if we all lend a hand  
The only thing we have to do is put it in our mind  
And surely things will work out  
They do it ev'ry time.

The world won't get no better  
If we just let it be  
The world won't get no better  
We gotta change it just for you an' me.

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## FOX ON THE RUN

(As recorded by Sweet)

SCOTT  
TUCKER  
CONNOLLY  
PRIEST

I-don't wanna know your name  
Cause you don't look the same  
The way you did before  
OK you think you got a pretty face  
But the rest of you is out of place  
You looked all right before.

Fox on the run  
You screamed and everybody comes a-running  
Take a run and hide yourself away  
Fox on the run  
F-foxy, foxy on the run and hideaway.  
You-you talk about just every band  
But the names you drop are second hand

I've heard it all before  
I-don't wanna know your name  
Cause you don't look the same  
The way you did before.  
(Repeat chorus)

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## I WRITE THE SONGS

(As recorded by Barry Manilow)

BRUCE JOHNSTON

I've been alive forever  
And I wrote the very first song  
I put the words and the melodies together  
I am music and I write the songs.

I write the songs that make the whole world sing  
I write the songs of love and special things  
I write the songs that make the young girls cry  
I write the songs  
I write the songs.

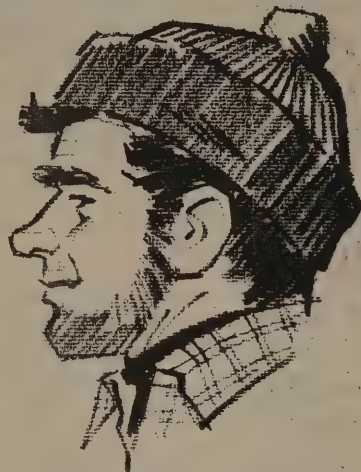
My home lies deep within you  
And I have my room in your soul  
And we're such good friends  
When I look out through your windows  
You make me young again even tho' I'm very old.

(Repeat chorus)  
Oh my music makes you dance  
Gives you spirit to take a chance  
And I wrote some rock & roll so you'd feel so good

My music's in your heart  
And it's a real fine place to start  
It's from me, it's through you, it's from you, it's through me  
It's a world wide symphony.

(Repeat chorus)  
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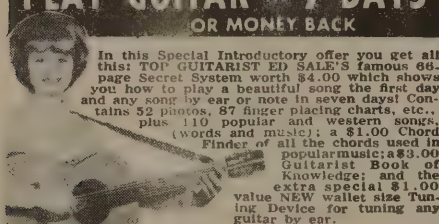
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## THE LAST GAME OF THE SEASON (The Blind Man In The Bleachers)

(As recorded by David Geddes)

STERLING WHIPPLE

He's just the blind man in the bleachers  
To the local home town fans  
And he sits beneath the speakers  
Way back in the stands  
And he listens to the play by play  
He's just waiting for one name  
He wants to hear his son get in the  
game.

But the boy's not just a hero  
He's strictly second team  
'Tho he runs each night for touchdowns  
In his father's sweetest dreams  
He's gonna be a star some day  
'Tho you might never tell  
But the blind man in the bleachers  
knows he will.

And the last game of the season is a Fri-  
day night at home  
And no one knows the reason but the  
blind man didn't come  
And his boy looks kinda nervous  
Sometimes turns around and stares  
Just as tho' he sees the old man sittin'  
there.

The local boys are tryin' but they slowly  
lose their will

Another player's down and now  
He's carried from the field  
At halftime in the locker room  
The kid goes off alone  
And no one sees him talkin' on the  
phone.

The game's already started  
When he gets back to the team  
And half the crowd can hear his coach  
yell  
"Where the hell you been?"  
"Just gettin' ready for the second half,"  
is all he'll say  
"Cause now you're gonna let me in to  
play."

Without another word, he turns and  
runs into the game  
And through the silence on the field  
Loudspeakers call his name  
It'll make the local papers  
How the team came from behind  
When they saw him playin' his heart to  
win.

And when the game was over  
The coach asked him to tell  
What was it he was thinkin' of  
That made him play so well  
"You know my dad was blind," he said,  
"Tonight he passed away."  
"It's the first time that my father's seen  
me play."

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## CARRY ME

(As recorded by David Crosby &  
Graham Nash)

DAVID CROSBY

When I was a young man I found an old  
dream  
Was as battered and worn a one as you  
have ever seen  
But I made it some new wings and I  
painted the nose  
And I wished so hard up in the air I rose,  
singing.

Carry me, carry me, carry me above the  
world  
Carry me, carry me, carry me.

And I once loved a girl  
She was younger than me  
Her parents kept her locked up in their  
life  
And she was crying at night  
She was wishing she could be free  
'Course mostly I remember her laughing

Standing there watching us play  
For a while there, the music would take  
her away  
And she'd be singing.

Carry me, carry me, carry me above the  
world  
Carry me, carry me, carry me above the  
world.

And then there was my mother  
She was lying in white sheets there and  
she was waiting to die  
She said if you'd just reach underneath  
this bed

And untie these weights  
I could surely fly  
She's still smiling but she's tired  
She'd like to hear that last bell ring  
You know if she still could she would  
Stand up, and she could sing, singing.

Carry me, carry me, carry me above the  
world  
Carry me, carry me.

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## WE GOT TO GET OUR THING TOGETHER

(As recorded by Dells)

JACKIE AVERY  
JAMES DEAN  
CALVIN ARLINE

You and me got to get our thing  
together, together baby  
I called you up 'cause I wanted to say  
I'm sorry

It made no sense the argument over  
some guy at the party  
Something I said it must have lead us  
astray again

So let's reverse this foolish hurt  
Before a good love ends  
'Cause you and me got to get ourselves  
together, together baby.

You and me we've got to calm this  
stormy weather  
Our love survived although at times it  
almost ended

God give us strength and common sense  
to save love and defend it  
For things we say later we pay through  
our tears and our grief  
So let's think first of who we might hurt  
No matter who's to blame  
'Cause you and me got to get ourselves  
together, together baby.

I had a dream  
Love left we had nothing  
Girl 'cause we, we're blind  
And closed our minds  
And didn't see the end was coming.

How can lovers keep hurting each other  
is a mystery to me  
When we could be caring, loving and  
sharing  
It's so plain to see  
You and me we've got to get our thing  
together, together baby.

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## COME AND GET YOUR LOVE

(As recorded by Roger Daltrey)

RUSS BALLARD

How long must I sit around, waiting for  
you?

Think of all the heartache you've been  
putting me through  
You must have a soul, but it don't show  
Come on and love me or let me go.

Or come and get your love (get your  
love)

Come and get your love (get your love)  
Come and get your love (get your love)  
Come and get your love (get your love)  
Come and get your love before I give it  
away

(Come and get it).

You're a devil witch and I'm hypnotized  
But woman, I can see right through your  
eyes

Here's something for you  
Take it from me

Why don't you love me or set me free.  
(Repeat chorus)

I've been holding on to your love for so  
long

Could be I will tire of the face I admire  
So why don't you say just go away.  
(Repeat chorus)

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## SCHOOL BOY CRUSH

(As recorded by Average White Band)

HAMISH STUART  
STEPHEN FERRONE  
ALAN GORRIE  
A. WHITE

Meet me in the playground at a quarter  
to four

Wait til everybody's long gone  
There must be so many things that we  
can explore

Hey baby maybe I can walk you home  
Now if it starts to rain

We can take some shelter  
I'd like to hold your little hand  
My head is spinning like a helter skelter  
We'll get to know each other if we can.

She said, hey wait a minute  
Hold on

She said hey just a little bit  
Hold on

Whenever I try to think of what it feels  
like to feel it for the first time  
And was it really such a thrill

She said look boy but don't you touch  
That ain't much

It's only a school boy crush.

Got to keep this secret  
I can't take no chance

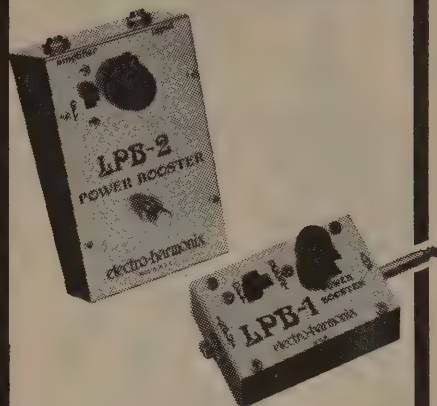
Don't want nobody else to know  
There's nothing wrong with trying to  
start a romance

But we should take it nice and slow  
If we play it cool it'll be alright  
Don't let the teacher see us talking  
But after school we can be out of sight  
Everybody gonna think we just gone  
walking.

(Repeat chorus)

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## FIRE ON THE MOUNTAIN

(As recorded by Marshall Tucker Band)

GEORGE McCORKLE

Took my fam'ly away from our Carolina  
home  
Had dreams about the west and started  
to roam  
Six long months on a dust covered trail  
They say heaven's at the end  
But so far it's been hell.

And there's fire on the mountain  
Lightening in the air  
Gold in them hills and it's waiting for  
me there.

We were digging and shifting from five  
to five  
Selling ev'rything we found just to stay  
alive  
Gold flowed free like the whiskey in the  
bars  
Sinning was the big thing Lord  
And satan was the star.

And there's fire on the mountain  
Lightening in the air  
Gold in them hills and it's waiting for  
me there.

Dance hall girls were the evening treat  
Empty cartridges and blood lined the  
gutters of the street  
Men were shot down for the sake of fun  
Or just to hear the noise of their 44 guns.

And there's fire on the mountain  
Lightening in the air  
Gold in them hills and it's waiting for  
me there.

Now my widow, she weeps by my  
grave  
Tears flow free for her man she couldn't  
save  
Shot down in cold blood by a gun that  
carried fame  
All for a useless and no good worthless  
claim.

And there's fire on the mountain  
Lightening in the air  
Gold in them hills and it's waiting for  
me there.

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## COUNTRY BOY (You Got Your Feet In L.A.)

(As recorded by Glen Campbell)

DENNIS LAMBERT  
BRIAN POTTER

Livin' in the city  
Ain't never been my idea of gettin' it on  
But the job demands that you make  
new plans  
Before your big chance is gone

You get a house in the hills  
You're payin' everyone's bills  
And they tell ya that you're gonna go  
far  
But in the back of my mind  
I hear it time after time  
Is that who you really are?

Country boy you got your feet in L.A.  
But your mind's on Tennessee  
Lookin' back I can remember a time  
When I sang my songs for free  
Country boy you got your feet in L.A.  
Take a look at everything you own  
But now and then my heart keeps going  
home.

Talkin' on the telephone  
Settin' up another day of people to meet  
You gotta do what's right you gotta  
spend the night  
Stayin' in touch with the street  
When you're surrounded by friends  
They say the fun never ends  
But I guess I'll never figure it out  
'Cause in the back of my mind  
I hear it time after time  
Is this what it's all about?

Country boy you got your feet in L.A.  
But your mind's on Tennessee  
Lookin' back I can remember a time  
When I sang my songs for free  
Country boy you got your feet in L.A.  
Take a look at everything you own  
But now and then my heart keeps going  
home.

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## GOING DOWN

(As recorded by The Pointer Sisters)

ALLEN TOUSSAINT

Don't get in too deep brother, don't get  
in too heavy  
Don't get so you can't move about a-  
whenever you get ready  
Born free - John see - but he see just a lit-  
tle too late  
Losin' his freedom and a-losin' his soul  
Now all he can do is wait for the others.

Goin' down slowly, slowly  
Goin' down  
Holy Moses slowly  
Goin' down.

Don't get in too deep sister, don't get in  
too heavy  
Don't fix so you can't move about  
whenever you get ready

Born free - Mary see - but she see just a  
little too late  
Had her history rectified  
Now all she can do is wait and see what  
happen.

Goin' down slowly, slowly  
Goin' down  
Holy Moses slowly  
Goin' down.

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## SATURDAY NIGHT

(As recorded by Bay City Rollers)

BILL MARTIN  
PHIL COULTER

SATURDAY night SATURDAY  
night  
Gonna keep on dancing to the rock and  
roll

On Saturday night, Saturday night  
Dancing to the rhythm of the heart and  
soul

On Saturday night, Saturday night  
I-I-I-I just can't wait  
I-I-I got a date

At the good ol' rock and roll road show  
Gotta go Saturday night, Saturday  
night

Gonna rock it up, roll it up  
Do it all, have a ball  
Saturday night, Saturday night  
S-S-S-Saturday night, S-S-S-Saturday  
night  
S-S-S-Saturday night.

SATURDAY night  
SATURDAY night  
SATURDAY night.

Gonna dance with my baby till the  
night is through  
On Saturday night, Saturday night  
Tell her all the little things I'm gonna do  
On Saturday night, Saturday night  
I-I-I-I love her so, I-I-I-I gonna let her  
know.

At the good ol' rock and roll road show  
Gotta go Saturday night, Saturday  
night

Gonna rock it up, roll it up  
Do it all, have a ball  
Saturday night, Saturday night  
S-S-S-Saturday night, S-S-S-Saturday  
night  
S-S-S-Saturday night.

SATURDAY night  
SATURDAY night.

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## SAILING

(As recorded by Rod Stewart)

GAVIN SUTHERLAND

I am sailing, I am sailing  
Home again 'cross the sea

I am sailing stormy waters  
To be near you to be free.

I am flying, I am flying  
Like a bird 'cross the sky  
I am flying passing high clouds  
To be with you to be free.

Can you hear me  
Can you hear me

Thru the dark night far away  
I am dying forever trying  
To be with you who can say.

Can you hear me  
Can you hear me  
Thru the dark night far away  
I am dying  
Forever trying  
To be with you who can say.

We are sailing, we are sailing  
Home again 'cross the sea  
We are sailing, stormy waters  
To be near you to be free.

Oh Lord to be near you to be free  
Oh Lord to be near you to be free.

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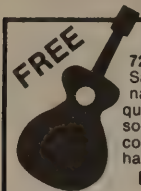
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## MY LITTLE TOWN

(As recorded by Simon and Garfunkel)

**PAUL SIMON**

In my little town  
I grew up believing  
God keeps his eye on us all  
And he used to lean upon me  
As I pledged allegiance to the wall  
Lord I recall my little town  
Coming home after school  
Riding my bike passed the gates of the factories

My mom doing the laundry  
Hanging out shirts in the dirty breeze  
And after it rains there's a rainbow  
And all of the colors are black  
It's not that the colors aren't there  
It's just imagination they lack

Everything's the same back in my little town.

Nothing but the dead and dying back in my little town

Nothing but the dead and dying back in my little town.

In my little town I never meant nothing  
I was just my father's son  
Saving my money  
Dreaming of glory  
Twitching like a finger on a trigger of a gun.

Nothing but the dead and dying back in my little town

Nothing but the dead and dying back in my little town

Nothing but the dead and dying back in my little town.

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## LOUISIANA LOU AND THREE CARD MONTY JOHN

(As recorded by The Allman Brothers)

**FORREST RICHARD BETTS**

Lou'siana Lou, Three Card Monty John  
Oh, Lord, what a nat'ral pair  
Lookin' for a game of fortune and fame  
Waitin' just a little further down the road somewhere.

Now Three Card Monty is a gambling game

Two black aces and a pretty red queen  
Keep your eye on the lady and lay your money down

Watch the fastest hand you've ever seen.

Texas Hustlin' Billy  
He's on the road again  
He was seen in New Orleans the other day

Now, Lou is known as quite a man with a pool cue in his hand

Won't be long till him and John were headed down that way.

Lou'siana Lou, Three Card Monty John  
Oh, Lord, what a nat'ral pair  
Lookin' for a game of fortune and fame  
Waitin' just a little further down the road somewhere.

It was Friday night, Lord, the time was right

Texas Billy finally made his play  
The game went on into the night  
And just about dawn they were counting

Billy's money - headed for L.A.

Lou'siana Lou, Three Card Monty John  
Oh, Lord, what a nat'ral pair  
Lookin' for a game of fortune and fame  
Waitin' just a little further down the road somewhere.

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## I'M ON FIRE

(As recorded by 5000 Volts)

**ANTONY EYERS**

If you want a sweet, sweet love tonight  
Call me and I'll make you feel alright  
When you're out and running around  
playing games all over town  
Turn around, come on down, I'll be there

Yeah, yeah

If you want some sweet, sweet love from me

Take a chance with someone new you'll

I can make your fire burn with the touch of just one kiss

Turn you on all night long  
You'll be gone, gone, gone.

Honey, now I'm on my way  
I'm on fire

Yes, I am, I'm on fire  
Honey, now I'm on my way  
I'm on fire

I'm on fire, baby  
Honey, now I'm on my way  
I'm on fire, yes I am my baby  
Honey, now I'm on my way

I'm on fire

I'm on fire, baby.

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## WELCOME TO MY NIGHTMARE

(As recorded by Alice Cooper)

**ALICE COOPER  
DICK WAGNER**

Welcome to my nightmare  
I think you're gonna like it  
I think you're gonna feel you belong  
A nocturnal vacation unnecessary  
sedation  
You want to feel at home 'cause you  
belong  
Welcome to my nightmare, woah.

Welcome to my breakdown  
I hope I didn't scare you

That's just the way we are when we  
come down  
We sweat and laugh and scream here  
'Cause life is just a dream here  
You know inside you feel right at home  
here  
Welcome to my breakdown, woah  
You're welcome to my nightmare, yeah.

Welcome to my nightmare  
I think you're gonna like it  
I think you're gonna feel you belong  
We sweat and laugh and scream here  
'Cause life is just a dream here  
You know inside you feel right at home  
here  
Welcome to my nightmare, woah  
Welcome to my break down.

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## NO REBATE ON LOVE

(As recorded by Dramatics)

**J. ABSTON  
S. PETTY**

There's no rebate on love  
No, no, no, no, no  
There's no rebate on love  
Give me love I'll give you love in return  
Girl there's no rebate on love  
Give me love I'll give you love in return  
girl.  
Let it be nat'rally  
Let your love flow sweet and freely  
Show me your feelin's girl I'll show you  
mine  
We'll work as a team to build up the  
steam.

Well baby, baby we don't have to make  
no special deals with each other  
Just be for real  
Show what we feel for each other baby.

There's no rebate on love  
No, no, no, no, no  
There's no rebate on love  
Give me love I'll give you love in return  
Girl there's no rebate on love  
Give me love I'll give you love in return  
girl.

Love me completely  
'Cause when I love, I love deeply  
There's only one price for you to pay and  
girl that price is for your love to stay.

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## ISLAND GIRL

(As recorded by Elton John)

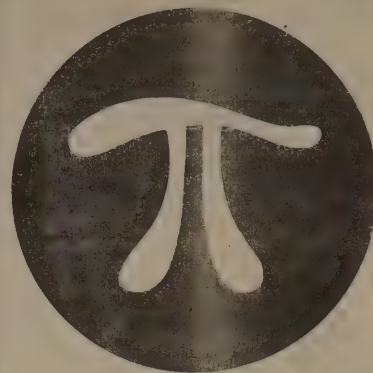
**ELTON JOHN  
BERNIE TAUPIN**

I see your teeth flash  
Jamaican honey so sweet  
Down where Lexington cross forty  
seventh street  
Oh, she's a big girl, she's standing six  
foot three  
Turning tricks for the dudes in the big  
city.  
Island girl what you wantin' wid de  
white man's world  
Island girl black boy want you in his  
island world  
He want to take you from de racket boss  
He want to save you but de cause is lost  
Island girl, island girl, island girl  
Tell me what you wantin' wid de white  
man's world.

She's black as coal, but she burn like a  
fire  
And she wrap herself around you like a  
well worn tire  
You feel her nail scratch your back just  
like a rake  
Oh he one more gone he one more john  
who make de mistake.

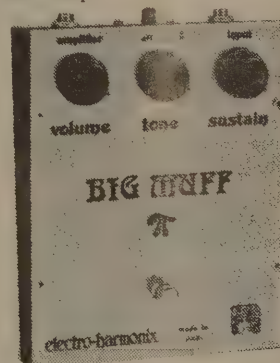
Island girl what you wantin' wid de  
white man's world  
Island girl black boy want you in his  
island world  
He want to take you from de racket boss  
He want to save you but de cause is lost  
Island girl, island girl, island girl  
Tell me what you wantin' wid de white  
man's world.

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nic content; from a sweet silvery liquid,  
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## NAME OF THE GAME (Parts I & II)

(As recorded by The Joneses)

GLENN DORSEY

Come play the game of love with me  
Come play the game of love

Ah

Name of the game the people play is love.

Heartaches and pain driving you so insane

All through your brain, feelin' you can't explain

Things that you do are silly too it's true  
Yes it's true

Feelin' so great up on a nat'l high  
Sometimes you feel like you could touch the sky

What is the thing that could do this to you

Name of the game the people play (I like it, I like it)

Name of the game the people play (you've got me)

Name of the game the people play (I wanna do it baby)

Name of the game the people play (come on sugar)

Name of the game the people play is love.

Makes you feel strong then it can make you sad

Make you feel good then it can turn you bad

One day you're up next day you just might come down

Turn around

Make you single or wanna marry  
Make you work hard raisin' a family

What is the thing that could do this to you

Name of the game the people play (I like it, I like it)

Name of the game the people play

Name of the game the people play

Name of the game the people play is love.

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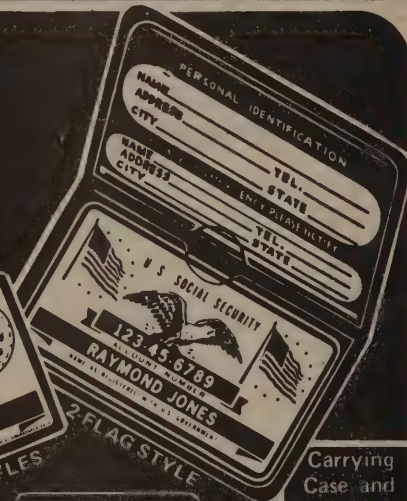
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## OVER MY HEAD

(As recorded by Fleetwood Mac)

CHRISTINE McVIE

You can take me to paradise  
And then again you can be cold as ice  
I'm over my head  
But it sure feels nice.

You can take me anytime you like  
I'll be around if you think you might  
love me baby  
And hold me tight.

Your mood is like a circus wheel  
You're changing all the time  
Sometimes I can't help but feel  
That I'm wasting all of my time.

Think I'm looking on the dark side  
But everyday you hurt my pride  
I'm over my head  
But it sure feels nice  
I'm over my head  
But it sure feels nice.

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## HURRICANE

(As recorded by Bob Dylan)

BOB DYLAN  
JACQUES LEVY

Pistol shots ring out in the bar room  
night

Enter Patty Valentine from the upper  
hall

She sees the bartender in a pool of blood  
Cries out, "My God, they killed them  
all!"

Here comes the story of the Hurricane  
The man the authorities came to blame  
For somethin' that he never done  
Put in a prison cell, but one time he  
coulda been

The champion of the world.

Three bodies lyin' there does Patty see  
And another man named Bello, movin'  
around mysteriously

"I didn't do it," he says, and he throws  
up his hands

"I was only robbin' the register, I hope  
you understand  
I saw them leavin'," he says, and he  
stops

"One of us had better call up the cops"  
And so Patty calls the cops  
And they arrive on the scene with their  
red lights flashin'  
in the hot New Jersey night.

Meanwhile, far away in another part of  
town  
Rubin Carter and a couple of friends are  
drivin' around

Number one contender for the mid-  
dleweight crown  
Had no idea what kinda shit was about  
to go down  
When a cop pulled him over to the side  
of the road  
Just like the time before and the time  
before that  
In Paterson that's just the way things go  
If you're black you might as well not  
show up on the street  
'Less you wanta draw the heat.

Alfred Bello had a partner and he had a  
rap for the cops  
Him and Arthur Dexter Bradley were  
just out prowlin' around  
He said, "I saw two men runnin' out,  
they looked like middleweights  
They jumped into a white car with out-  
of - state plates"

And Miss Patty Valentine just nodded  
her head

Cop said, "Wait a minute boys, this  
one's not dead"

So they took him to the infirmary  
And though this man could hardly see  
They told him that he could identify the  
guilty man.

Four in the mornin' and they haul Rubin  
in

Take him to the hospital and they bring  
him upstairs

The wounded man looks up through his  
one dyin' eye

Says, "Wha'd you bring him in here for?  
He ain't the guy!"

Yes, here's the story of the Hurricane  
The man the authorities came to blame  
For somethin' that he never done  
Put in a prison cell, but one time he  
coulda been

The champion of the world.

Four months later, the ghettos are in  
flame

Rubin's in South America, fightin' for  
his name

While Arthur Dexter Bradley's still in the  
robbery game

And the cops are puttin' the screws to  
him, lookin' for somebody to blame

"Remember that murder that  
happened in a bar?"

"Remember you said you saw the  
getaway car?"

"You think you'd like to play ball with  
the law?"

"Think it mighta been that fighter that  
you saw runnin' that night?"

"Don't forget that you are white"

Arthur Dexter Bradley said, "I'm really  
not sure"

Cops said, "A poor boy like you could  
use a break

We got you for the motel job and we're  
talkin' to your friend Bello

Now you don't wanta have to go back  
to jail, be a nice fellow

You'll be doin' society a favor

That sonofabitch is brave and gettin'  
braver

We want to put his ass in stir  
We want to pin this triple murder on  
him

He ain't no Gentleman Jim

Rubin could take a man out with just  
one punch

But he never did like to talk about it all  
that much

It's my work, he'd say, and I do it for pay  
And when it's over I'd just as soon go on  
my way

Up to some paradise  
Where the trout streams flow and the  
air is nice

And ride a horse along a trail  
But then they took him to the jail house  
Where they try to turn a man into a  
mouse.

All of Rubin's cards were marked in ad-  
vance

The trial was a pig-circus, he never had  
a chance

The judge made Rubin's witnesses  
drunkards from the slums

To the white folks who watched he was  
a revolutionary bum

And to the black folks he was just a  
crazy nigger

No one doubted that he pulled the  
trigger

And though they could not produce the  
gun

The D.A. said he was the one who did  
the deed

And the all-white jury agreed.

Rubin Carter was falsely tried  
The crime was murder "one", guess  
who testified?

Bello and Bradley and they both baldly  
lied

And the newspapers, they all went  
along for the ride

How can the life of such a man  
Be in the palm of some fool's hand?

To see him obviously framed  
Couldn't help but make me feel

ashamed to live in a land  
Where justice is a game.

Now all the criminals in their coats and  
their ties

Are free to drink martinis and watch the  
sun rise

While Rubin sits like Buddha in a ten-  
foot cell

An innocent man in a living hell  
That's the story of the Hurricane

But it won't be over till they clear his  
name

And give him back the time he's done  
Put in a prison cell, but one time he  
coulda been

The champion of the world.

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Dear Friend:

After 25 years of research, I have discovered the key to all Astral and Psychic phenomena, one that has worked time after time for countless men and women—a simple secret that you can use easily to achieve any desired result in life!

For I have discovered that every one of the powers which you possess—(sight, hearing, taste, touch, smell)—has a mental duplicate, an extension of itself in the Fourth Dimension. Grouped together, they form your Astral Body, which you can use, the same as you use your physical body.

But, your Astral Body can do many things that your physical body alone can't, for it is part of the Fourth Dimension—an (invisible) sea of electrons which flows in, through, and around the physical, giving it form and substance. Your Astral Body can flow right through solid matter, materialize in plain sight of others, perform every one of the functions of your physical body—sight, hearing, taste, touch, and smell—all the while being controlled by you!

You can control your Astral Body by giving it certain specific commands—METAPHYSICAL COMMANDS which I spell out for you in plain English in my new book "Meta-physics: New Dimension of the Mind." For instance, you can command your Astral Body to...

• **MATERIALIZE IN FRONT OF SOMEONE AT A DISTANCE** — Your Astral Body is invisible because it is super charged with electrons vibrating at invisible speed. It can, however materialize in plain sight of everyone, as a "thought-form," by vibrating more slowly. In this manner, it is possible to "remind" someone — at a distance — of your presence!

• **"BLEND" YOUR THOUGHTS WITH THOSE OF SOMEONE ELSE** — Since your Astral Body is an invisible extension of your own — with a mind that is an extension of your own — it is possible to "blend" this mind with the mind of someone else to find out what he or she is thinking, and even implant your own thoughts in the minds of others!

• **DUPPLICATE ANY OBJECT IN EXISTENCE AND MAKE IT YOUR OWN** — Your Astral Body exists and is part of the Fourth Dimension — a sea of tiny electrical particles from which all matter is formed. By giving your Astral Body an Electromagnetic Command to duplicate some object — an expensive piece of furniture, for example — it pulls the particles in the air together to form a solid replica of that which you desire!

• **LIFT AND CARRY OBJECTS, TRANSPORT THEM TO YOU FROM A DISTANCE** — You can command your Astral Body to lift solid objects, using its own concentrated energy — such as lifting a pair of dice and making them roll the way you want.

• **"READ" OTHER PEOPLE'S PAST AND FUTURE** — Since, with your Astral Body, you can "tune in" to the thoughts of any person, all memories and future plans of his become an open book to you.

• **HEAL THE VERY CELLS OF YOUR BODY** — Your Astral Body can help heal you if you are

## MEET THE AUTHOR



Anthony Norvell is a world-famous psychic investigator, known to thousands (through his books and articles) for his amazing discoveries in the realm of the occult. Here, for the first time, he presents the sum total of his investigations in the secrets of ancient India, China, Tibet and Greece.

## IF YOU READ NOTHING ELSE, READ THIS:

### A Vital Word—"METAPHYSICS"

Scholars, when editing and cataloging Aristotle's writings, realized that not all of the information was about the natural physical world. In the process, Aristotle had accumulated information that was "outside" the physical world or "non-physical." This "non-physical" information was filed as "Meta-physics" literally meaning "After-physics." This information, "after," "above," or "beyond" the physical, held the attention of many people through the ages, including philosophers, theologians, scholars and scientists. It was described in different ways: Ultimate Reality, First Principles, Miracle Power, Metaphysical Power, Divine Mind, Cosmic Mind, God, Faith, Intuition. In the 20th century some call it Energy, Astral Projections, Precognition, Inner Space.

Metaphysics answers questions that the physical cannot answer. That is why each is useful in a different way. Norvell shows how metaphysics can work for you!

sick, keep you healthy, strong and youthful — add years to your life! If your body is rundown, tired or "old" it can charge and rejuvenate the very cells of your body with its own vibrant electron energy to make you look and feel years younger!

• **TALK TO THE COSMIC MIND, RECEIVE HELP IN EVERY MATTER** — Your Astral Body is your only true means of communications with the higher Spirit Plane. In this manner, it is possible for you to talk to the Cosmic Mind, just as you would to family or friends, and receive help and guidance in every matter!

## How To Command Your Astral Body To Bring You Ever Increasing Abundance

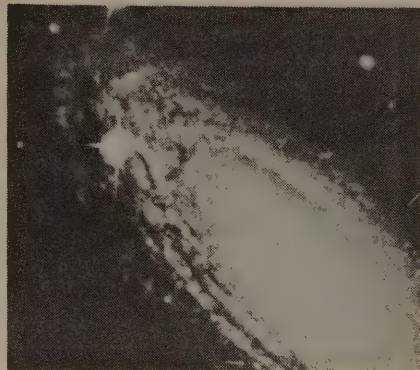
Why am I so positive this technique will work for you? Because it has worked for thousands of other men and women in all walks of life — and is working for them right now! People like...

June C., a secretary who had been working for the same firm for three years and thought she deserved a raise in salary. But her boss was the grouchy, penny-pinching type. So after learning the Metaphysical Command for projecting her Astral Body, she mentally projected her mind into her boss's mind, and stated: "June deserves a raise. You will give her a raise of ten dollars a week."

A short time later, her boss called her into his office. There was a strange expression on his face and he said: "I don't know why I'm doing this, but I feel you deserve a ten dollar raise in salary!"

A lady who had a 17-year-old daughter, came to one of my lectures at Carnegie Hall. She was a widow, and though she had worked hard to bring up her daughter, they never had more than just enough to get along. After this lady learned the Metaphysical Command for controlling her Astral Body, she bought a sweepstakes ticket. By maintaining an "astral grip" on this ticket, she caused her number to be chosen — and won a grand total of \$144,000!

In my files I have hundreds of such instances of men and women who have used this metaphysical principle and who have attracted sums of money ranging from ten thousand dollars to



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## BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN

(continued from page 39)

after a few more the band came back and she did "Long Black Veil" with them and "Please Come to Boston" ... finally introduced Roger McGuinn who sang "Chestnut Mare."

Then ... *then*, Joan went and whispered in McGuinn's ear, he smiled and said sarcastically, "Joan says I can do 'Eight Miles High' tonight, thank you Joan." (I must say, the Cobra woman aspect of Baez's personality has been well-known to those who really know her, for a long time; it was out in full force this night. She wasn't about to let go of that stage easily.) And so ... in what otherwise would have been a truly magnificent "Eight Miles High" ... JOAN BAEZ GOT UP, AND RIGHT IN FRONT OF THE MOVIE CAMERAS, RIGHT NEXT TO ROGER MCGUINN, SHE DID THE FUNKY CHICKEN. Yes, the funky chicken done just like the way your parents tried to The Twist. The single most embarrassing thing on this, or any other show, I have ever seen. Cringe.

Oh well. "The Night They Drove Old Dixie Down" was next, (Joan *still* wouldn't get off the stage) ... finally ... Dylan returned. He's no fool, no one had any doubt as to who was the Star here, and he really had the audience wanting more of him. Bob came out alone and sat on a stool to sing "A Simple Twist of Fate" — cheers, of course, every time he would start to play the harmonic which is something I've *never* understood. Scarlett Rivera and Rob Stoner joined him for "Oh Sister", and then he introduced his single with this, "This is about a man who got transferred today - from one prison to another," and they did

"Hurricane". Ronnee Blakely was back to join in on harmonies, and she looked as if she was having difficulty standing. She also would stick her head in between Rob Stoner and Steve Solves to sing, and looked very much like the girl - the - boys - wouldn't - let - play - with - them.

"This is an underground song," Dylan said mysteriously, and sang something new that I think is called "Another Cup of Coffee" and then did "Sarah" - the incredibly shattering love song to his wife ... ("Staying up for days in the Chelsea Hotel ... writing 'Sad Eyed Lady of the Lowlands' for you ... Sarah, Sarah, whenever we travel, we're never apart"). All the musicians (except Joan and McGuinn) return for "Just Like a Woman" ... McGuinn comes back for "Knockin' on Heaven's Door", and then everyone — including Allen Ginsberg and *David Blue* who we haven't seen all night luckily, are onstage for "This Land Is Your Land", a corny, but fitting finale. No encore ... three and a half hours of music finished.

I would have liked to see some of my more favorite Dylan material, in thinking back on this show ... songs like "Leopard Skin PillBox Hat", "Sad Eyed Lady", "Positively Fourth Street", but such is Dylan's talent and strength that his repertoire is so vast, that he could never possibly do all his material. He does change the songs nightly, and what he does accomplish most of all, is he leaves the audience - even after all that time - wanting more of him. It's a very American show, mostly American music ... and mostly *white* American music ... (There are no blacks in sight...) rock, country, folk. And - for him to have done it in this year of our bicentennial seems very appropriate indeed. □

## BOB DYLAN

(continued from page 29)

different. There's some things that you do once and you never do again. So there's a whole range, a million variables. Some things are said and some things are not. It's the whole concept of being very, very tight and very, very loose at the same time."

Is he conscious of what he's doing onstage or is it mostly instinct?

"If you're conscious of it, usually you ain't doing it genuinely. You should not really be conscious of it. If you're in a mercenary situation, that means you're working hard. If you're consciously working hard at it, then you ain't having fun. If you ain't having fun, then you ain't really doing it right, it just doesn't happen correctly."

"It varies, it varies, it's hard to tell. It's just so many things, so many things run through you when you're up there. There's a million different emotions, there's things that completely contradict each other at the same time. One night one thing, one night the other thing, yet they can both be as rewarding or as genuine or as good. It's just really a complete range, a total range."

It almost seems as though there's a whole world existing for Bruce onstage.

"Oh, it definitely is that."

Is this onstage world a separate world from the reality of his everyday life, a kind of fantasy dream world?

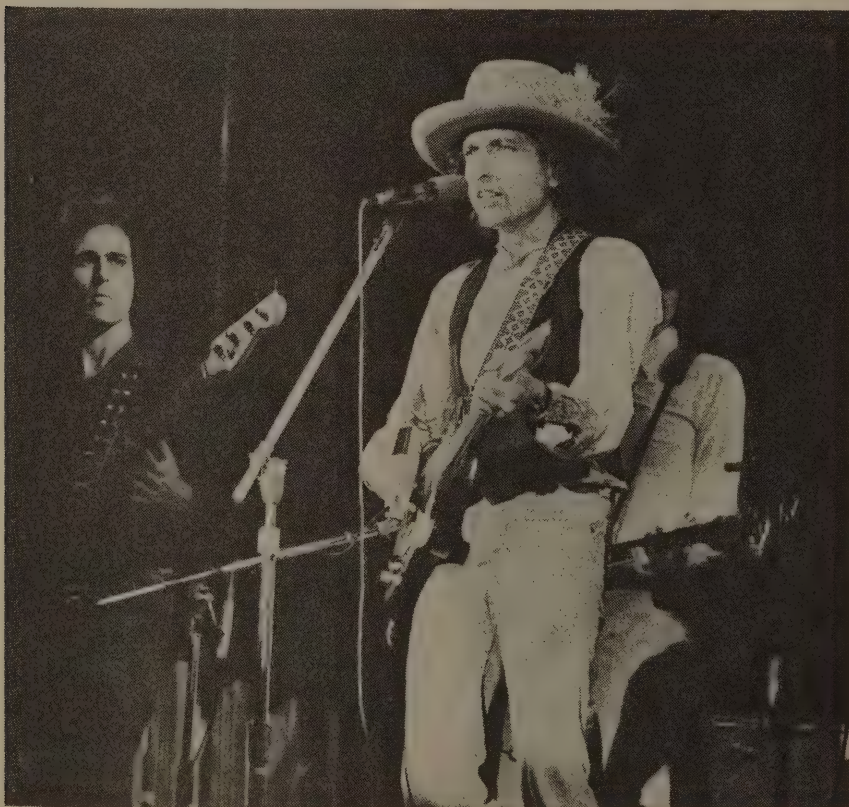
"Mmmmm," he says and pauses a long while in thought. "Sort of. See that's another thing. That's a problem: there's no black and white answers to any of these questions because it's like what I am onstage is like very, very interwoven with what I am offstage. Everything is also very different, see. It's like it's both."

"That's where you get your conflict from, and that's where something comes out of that. Some kind of force comes out of that contradiction and conflict. And it's like if I was totally that offstage, I probably wouldn't be it onstage. I'd probably be doing it right here in this room or something, I don't know."

"But it's all very closely hooked up, and it's very different and it's very the same." Another long pause as Bruce bites his lip while he's trying to explain what appears to be inexplicable. "It's like I totally recognize myself onstage. It's something that when you walk out there, you pull something up from inside you, and that's why it's there."

"So it is you. It isn't very big, but it's a lot of you. There is something that people just don't see every day. It's something that you pull up for only that one job. It's like, you know, Superman in the phone booth. It's like you just pull it up and out it comes."

And that's as close as we'll probably get to figuring out the magic that is Bruce Springsteen onstage. If Bruce can't quite figure it out himself, what chance have we? Maybe we should just follow Bruce's advice and not take it too seriously just enjoy it. □





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## PAUL KOSSOFF

(continued from page 25)

music in the ZZ Top - Stray Dog vein which is another way of saying it sounds like the Western world answer to Free. Recorded in 1973 the album contains an early version of what will surely become a Crawler classic, "Jason Blue." Comparing the two versions one becomes aware of Kossoff's uncanny ability to turn a bluesy handsaw into a jaggeded buzzsaw. Mike who shares vocal chores with Wilson-Slessor on Crawler does the group's name justice by being a progressive parody on standard blues wailing. Even at his raunchiest you sense a feeling of grinning (grinding) confidence.

The remaining ingredient of Crawler, Terry Wilson-Slessor came to semi-prominence in a British band called Beckett. "Beckett" (on Raft Records) is

still available as an import (from Jem Records who still list it in their catalog). Released in 1974 the disc was the blend of two seemingly divergent elements. The band was typical in the hard rock school of powerhouse licks but the production work of Roger Chapman gave the music an intellectual continuity. Terry's vocals are quite different from those on Crawler showing a possible new direction for the present bands future. On Beckett Slessor plays the part of a gritty Allen Clarke (imagine The Hollies doing an ethereal version of Free's "All Right Now" and you begin to get the picture). With Crawler this brand of vocals occasionally works its way into the ballads but as yet it is still a future direction.

And "the Band Plays On"....

At first the record seems almost muddy and ill-mixed. That's the whole idea.

Back Street Crawler is a gutter band with no pretensions to sweetness. Self produced, the whole record has a live feel with the uncanny determination to break away from the sterile impositions so often apparent in studio work.

"Our music is not quite as simple as Bad Company's. Paul (Rodgers) has to work beyond the limit to give his band that added umph. With Crawler we have the simple fact of more musical knowhow, more musicians and more than three chords to work with. I hope to get more into writing but at the moment I get off most on adding my own atmosphere to Mike, Tony and Terry's songs. The whole American-British unity has given us a sound all our own. It's not just Blues or just Rock so much as it is a new combination of the two. Nasty. That's the key word to the whole effort.





Real sinister and Nasty. I've got a reason to play with a vengeance. This is my third chance and I don't mean to blow it away."

It might be interesting to shape a comparison at this point that the British Press has failed to raise in their rush to mold Bad Co. illusions. Crawler shares in the trademark of an often overlooked but very important American band ... Blue Cheer. On "Hoo Doo Woman" Montgomery's vocals spit out the phrases with a sandy indifference that harps back to the days when one Dickie Peterson use to beseech the ruse of those "Summertime Blues." The point needs making because Crawler is in fact part of that often overlooked force in Gut-Rock..Texas. Though hailed initially as being a part of the San Francisco scene Blue Cheer had their Texan roots to thank for doing things in a big (as in twenty four amps on stage way back in 1967) and ballsy way. Crawler upholds that tradition. You may be wasted and shot but the poison running through your guts is pure Rock and Roll. Biker's fuel. Surviving for the sake of gig - to - gig. That sort of outlaw vehemence is far removed from your Elton John - Top - of - the - Pop style of rockdom. And as self-destructive as it may seem, it is vital to the music of a Back Street Crawler.

Like Jason Blue you sell your soul for a burst of artificial adrenalin. Atlantic Records has gone out on an already wounded limb. Credit is to be given for their faith in someone with a recent painful past. There is a reason behind the torment of a Kossoff Lick and any company willing to bank on the survival of that tension deserves commercial success-clapping.

That severe blend of let - me - be - mean/authentic-rock runs rampant in Crawlers music. Win and lose is the constant cry of the "Rock And Roll Junkie." That very abandon-heir puts Crawler in league with Keith Richard or Neil Young as gypsters on edge of some wicked abyss. You do exactly what you want, replete with screeching side noises and half-coherent guitar lines and vocals and it just happens to be the stuffing of r'n'r legend.

People have claimed that Bad Company attained their success more because of a lack of anything really happening at the time. Crawler does not want to leave its mark in a vacuum.

"We're not aggressive as a stance but as a reality. The music isn't simple but it isn't necessarily complex either. Density is really the only word to use in describing our efforts. We're thick in sound and talent. Even the silence hums. Throw together a few Texans, a Geordie-tough and my own guitar spirits and you have a surprising sound that may take a bit of getting used to but the effort should be worth the listener's and our time."

Priority is an important matter to the music of Back Street Crawler. This is music that they want to make with no nod to commercial potentiality. A dash of agony ... a big spring of inborn texan ferociousness .... and a will to live to play on. Crawl on! □

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# CHERRY VANILLA asks — "TAKE ME, seriously."

by Lee Black Childers

"Life is like a roller coaster," Katherine Hepburn once said. And although the climbs to the top are exciting, they are no more thrilling than the plunges back down the other side. Cherry Vanilla has made the climb to the top several times by now, and each time, by her own choice, she has elected to take that terrifying plunge back down again because the next hill looked even higher and more exciting. Fresh out of high school somewhere in Queens, she got a job with an advertising firm on Madison Avenue and quickly proved her value to the extent that she soon counted among her personal accounts none other than Coca-Cola. A couple of years at this, though, and she began to wonder, "Is that all there is?" and, giving the customary two weeks notice, left for points unknown. She took with her her former boss, Macs MacAree, who has been with her on that roller coaster ever since. (Cherry has a way of accumulating people who become devoted to her and stick around no

matter what the trip is.)

After Madison Avenue came a stint as an actress beginning with the one and only Wayne County's outrageous off - off - off - off - off Broadway show, *World, The Birth Of A Nation*, where she played a berserk necrophiliac nurse. Anthony J. Ingrassia, the director, was impressed with her and when he was directing Andy Warhol's *Pork* in London, he chose Cherry for the title role. There she was, on top again — the toast of London. Well, London is a rock and roll city, and she soon became the friend of many rock personalities and became intrigued with that world. So, after *Pork* closed, she became, what else?, a groupie. She soon found herself off on rock tours and before she knew it was living at Leon Russell's compound in Tulsa. The top? You bet! Down she went again.

This time she took a job with a struggling newcomer named David Bowie where she worked for practically no salary, "typing." She really did everything

from organizing tour schedules to ordering champagne (by the case). David's rise to fame is history now, and Vanilla's part in it is legend. She was soon his exclusive press representative and the tantalizing voice on his radio and television commercials. After David had securely situated himself at the top, and the challenge was gone, she headed off to form her own film company.

But, this time she got side-tracked. All along, through the years of adventure, she had been writing poetry that chronicled her life — like a diary. At her birthday party a year ago she read some of it to her friends. They loved it, laughed a lot, and suggested she do it as an act. That's all it took. Almost immediately she was performing at Reno Sweeney's and Trude Heller's to rave reviews. Various members of Eric Clapton's band (Carl Radle, in particular) decided she should sing her poems instead of just reciting them, and lo and behold, a budding rock star was born.

She gathered a band about her, wrote a lot of hot music to go with her torrid lyrics, and blammo! — one of the wildest women in the business emerged. At first, no one could believe it — or take her seriously. She was like nothing they had seen before. She doesn't belt out a song like Grace Slick, or sob and cry like Janis Joplin, or sing about clouds and seashells like Joni Mitchell, — she's not very feminine and her voice is far from pure. What she is is sexy and hot and fast and funny and loud and lovable. She gets on stage and puts on a show like you've never seen. Most of her songs are funny and sexy and tell of her past adventures, often ending with unexpected Dorothy Parkeresque punch lines. But sometimes, she surprises her audience with a serious, even frightening song. Once she was doing a bit she does about Hitler and an offended member of her audience threw an ashtray at her.

But Cherry doesn't care. She's on that roller coaster climbing a new hill, and the top's a long way off yet, not even in sight — this is the longest climb to the headiest height.

I asked her about the party-like atmosphere that surrounds her shows; the wild, laughable, life - for - today attitude she projects, and asked if, in the light of some of her lyrics, she wouldn't prefer that her audience take her more seriously. With her usual expertise at changing words and phrases and their meanings, she quickly quipped, "Sure, take me, ... seriously." That's Cherry, her train racing with ever increasing speed up and down, and though the ride may make her dizzy, one thing's sure, she'll never get off. □

Cherry Vanilla with guitarist at a recent Trude Heller's gig.



Lee Black Childers



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Think how many secrets must be hidden all around you! Things your spouse won't tell . . .

## ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Scott Reed is one of the nation's leading mind-power experts. Presently engaged as a writer on developments in the behavioral sciences, his revelations about the unseen world of the mind have been read by millions. A graduate of the City University of New York, his own life is living proof of "Automatic Mind-Command."

A Master Researcher, Metaphysician, and Psychic Advisor, he has helped countless men and women find true happiness. He has the rare ability of writing clearly and simply so that even the most profound Truths can be plainly understood by anyone.

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contacting her by letter or phone. From far away . . . he began using "Automatic Mind-Command!" In that instant, his girlfriend knew what she had to do. She dropped what she was doing, excused herself and hurried to visit him. Arriving in record time—she hugged and kissed him, explaining that "something" told her he wanted and needed her, and what could she do for him!

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## PATTI SMITH & JOHN CALE

(continued from page 15)

crowd would yell, like "EAT SHIT"...

**John:** She stopped in the middle of almost saying "fuck", instead she said "what the ... hell..."

**Patti:** Yes, I did do that but you know why? I mean it was like having your parents on stage with Clive there and you can get arrested for that and I have to do an album. I'll say fuck after I've done my album. Ivan sings it somewhere in there in "Free Money", but no one can hear it...

**John:** Oh, that song's such a mess...

**Patti:** "Free Money" isn't a mess, don't be so goddam negative... See how he is? Just because we don't have a clavinet or something on the song. The poor song is simply us guys playing our own instruments. And he's in a panic.

**Lisa:** What do you want to do? Add strings and all that stuff?

**John:** Sure, Lisa...

**Patti:** Yeah, a noose. That's what he wants to add.

**John:** Very good.

**Lisa:** How does being in the studio with Patti differ from other albums that you've done?

**John:** I haven't slept with her.

**Patti:** We did alot of cool things, we did some things that were timed amazingly that we didn't plan. We had written this elegy for Jimi Hendrix and we recorded it September 18th, and that was the day Hendrix died, but we didn't know that when we went in to do it. You can really feel Jimi Hendrix in that studio. Anytime you shut your eyes, you can see him. There's all this Hendrix imagery around — his neck, his teeth, anytime I get in trouble, I shut my eyes and he's right there.

**John:** His hands were big.

**Patti:** Oh, his hands. His hands were as big as your head John, which is pretty big, physically.

**John:** Can you imagine what size his ...?

**Patti:** Do you know John pulled his dick out in the studio ... much to the excitement of our little secretary...

**John:** It was a party trick...

**Patti:** It was a joke that cost me \$11 a minute, I'll tell you ... Peter Cook and Dudley Moore are doing an album in there too, and me and Lenny immediately ran over and tried to get free jokes from them. They told us two of the worst jokes I ever heard..When we recorded "Birdland" the band only figured they were going to be following me and playing for about four minutes, but they ended up doing it for nine minutes. And you know I'm a little bit like James Brown in that way, if they stop before I do — they get shot down so far, I'm ready to take the stratocaster away. They always have to let me go and that's one thing we have. We might be sloppy still, and we have a lot of technical stuff to learn but ... the idea of having a group that lets me spiral out is important. I even talked to Dylan about that, and he told me that the most valuable thing I have is my group, a group that you can trust...

**John:** Did he? Well, I told you the same thing...

**Patti:** Of course John, you told me so much more...

**Lisa:** Did you like Dylan?

**Patti:** I thought he was great. He's one of the sexiest guys I ever met. He has such tremendous energy and he's got like so much maniac energy and yet he's filled with so much restraint it's like adolescence. It's like the same kind of neurotic sexual energy as you have when you're in high school.

**John:** It's great to meet an American who can speak English?

**Patti:** Him? Me? Oh come on, John. John and I have come to love each other like that Motown song ... you know, it's a thin line between love and hate.

**John:** We're in love with a thin line.

**Patti:** When I look back on this record I'll never look at it with mediocre memories. The thing is, when you're fairly new, we have to put ourselves on the line and perform in front of more and more people and I'm making my first big step out into the public eye, and there's been alot of publicity. But I've never actually had a product, and John forced me to completely fight for what I believe in. So the product is important, and I've known what I believe in since I was 16 so I stopped examining myself, you know. I haven't fought with anyone like this since I fought with my parents about my art.

**John:** It's just the frustration that we both have similar ideals and I want to push her as far as she possibly can and she's scared. Because it's the first time in the studio, the band is scared because it's their first time in the studio, they don't really know they can do it and I'm telling them they can, and I'm trying to catch them unaware and ... come on, just do that, blah - blah - blah, and bingo - there it is, and they say yeah, here it is.

**Jane:** Can I say what I think it is? He's found an approach that stimulates her into sort of like a frenzy where he can get out of her what he needs to get out and it's really interesting, and her fighting is very stimulating. It's like a rush, and he sort of goads her ... feeds her little lines that irritate her.

**John:** That's very diplomatic...

**Patti:** It's the only way a man and woman can relate if they're not fucking ... in such an intense situation. I mean we aren't, so it has to be as heavy as that because we are a really cool guy and a cool girl working together...

**John:** Oh, I'm a cool guy, am I?

**Patti:** Usually when a cool guy and a cool girl come together they fuck, so since we're not, expending our energies screwing, it's going to come out in other ways, you know.

**John:** But we're not attracted to each other, so it doesn't make any difference.

**Patti:** John, I've always been attracted to you.

**John:** Oh, sorry.

**Patti:** This is like having a baby without fucking. It's going to be a very sexual record. I mean I wanted a record that was about sex and violence, all the things that encompass rock and roll. My whole feeling about rock and roll ... I mean we're living in a violent age...

**John:** Patti — you're full of shit.

**Patti:** What do you mean??

**John:** You're giving a line out...

**Patti:** But it's true...

**John:** I think you're giving her a line, you're giving out copy...

**Patti:** I want a sexy album, it's a sexy album...

**John:** You may want a sexy album...

**Patti:** It is a sexy album, you don't think it's sexy??

**John:** I don't think it's...

**Patti:** Thanks alot...

**John:** What I'm saying is I think she's full of shit when she says she wants an album of sex and violence, because I don't think she knows what she wants, and I don't think that's the whole story ... sex and violence. She doesn't know what she wants to do...

**Patti:** I do know what I want to do, I know exactly what I want to do. That's your whole problem, you don't think I know what I want to do.

**John:** I just want to see what happens. I mean I'll go in and see the desire and seeing in the back of my mind that there's no real end product in mind, I let it go and let it go until it develops. Sex and violence is not the whole story.

**Patti:** Well, I don't pre-suppose anything before-hand, I don't pre-suppose anything before I write a song, all I'm saying is...

**John:** Right, and I'm trying to get you to pre-suppose less and less.

**Patti:** No ... right, and if you started like that when we first started recording...

**John:** God diggety damn...

**Patti:** That's the problem...

**John:** But it took so long...

**Patti:** Do you know what he did, Lisa? We took this job at Woodstock to perform, just so John could see us live before we went in to records. We didn't want to do the job, we were harassed and tired, we weren't going to make any money on it. It was initially a pain in the ass, although now I'm glad we did it. So we drove up there to the country, and I abhor the country, I can't bear to be in the country, and he passed out during the first set and threw up during the second and never saw a thing.

**John:** The second set was really better than the first.

**Lisa:** John, you've gotten worse. Much worse.

**Patti:** Yeah, like when he slept through the mixing of "Gloria". Slept through an entire mix.

**John:** The engineer started mixing and I was sitting there listening and I woke up and the tape op was saying 'hey, it's four o'clock'...

**Patti:** It didn't matter. For as long as we've been doing "Gloria" I better know how to lix it.

**John:** I'm losing my touch, I'm really losing my touch.

**Patti:** Oh no, John. It's untrue.

**SUBJECT CHANGE: ELTON JOHN**

**Patti:** You know what Elton did, he took all his clothes off at Electric Lady the other day.

**John:** He did great with Neil Sedaka.



*Patti:* Did you know that? He ran around naked, all over Electric Lady.

*Lisa:* Who Elton? When?

*Patti:* They had this party for Neil Sedaka and he...

*Lisa:* I know about the party, I never heard *that*...

*Patti:* Well, all the guys who work there told me, these Spanish maintenance guys. They were all horrified.

*Lisa:* He took all his clothes off? Are you sure??? No one told me that...

*Patti:* I think he did it because he came in and there were all these hot shit models there and they were acting so snotty, I think he did it to teach them a lesson.

*Lisa:* Do you think he's finally gone bananas?

*John:* I've met him lots of times and every time I've always thought the guy was a perfect example of someone who could handle success.

#### **SUBJECT CHANGE: JOHN'S OWN ALBUMS**

*Lisa:* John, your song, "Mr. Wilson," - is better than anything Brian's done in years ... I mean he's singing backup now with Tim Curry and David Cassidy. L.A. will do that to you ... John, you're so ridiculous about your own music...

*Patti:* I know, I told him I jerked off to his records but he won't believe me.

*John:* "The Jeweler" ... do you believe that?

*Lisa:* Sure...

*John:* Why - you've done it too?

*Lisa:* No - but it's very sexy.

*Patti:* Very slowly...

*John:* That's nice. Okay, I'll jerk off to "Kimberly" then.

*Patti:* Okay, it's a deal. But you know, I understand after having done my own record, why people are never satisfied, and why all these people say they can't stand to listen to their own record. You never are satisfied.

*John:* You never are satisfied.

*Lisa:* Ah, agreement.

*Patti:* You know, like 100 takes of "Birdland" and every time I do it I'm going to go into a different planet, a different stratosphere. I'm going to go farther and farther until the layers of my epidermis ... you know, you have to stop somewhere if you want to do a product.

*Lisa:* When is this album going to be out? I Can't wait to hear it ... seriously...

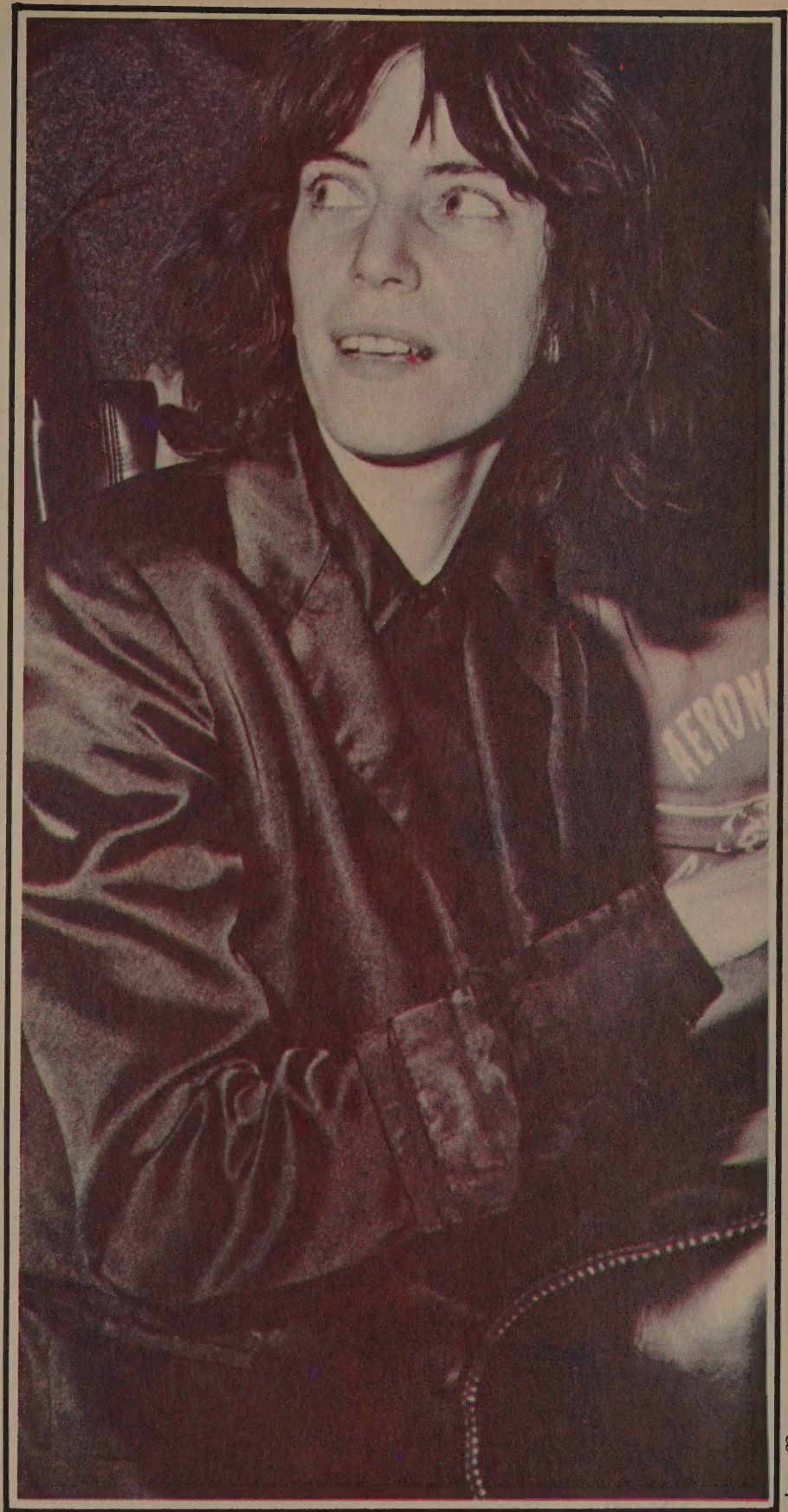
*Patti:* It's going to start with a twenty minute fight ... I know what he's trying to do. We fought and fought and fought, but really — all he wants to do is make ... he believes in what we're doing and he wants it to be communicative to all people on all levels. That's all.

*John:* No — just on two.

*Patti:* Well - musically and lyrically.

*John:* If I get those two I'm happy.

*Patti:* The cool thing about having John is he likes all these human elements in a record. Like if I fuck up in the middle of a poem, like sometime in the middle of a poem I'll have to clear my throat ... in the middle of "Birdland" I was going, "because ... uhhhh ... I want to dreaammmm.ahem,errr" and I went like that in the booth because I couldn't think of the words and you can hear me



**Patti — in the studio**

beating my head. He likes all that stuff ... sooo ... I mean it's neat because he believes in the process too. I mean I talked to alot of producers before, and they said, "Oh yes, I know how to work

with poets. I'll get into poetry, and then I'll figure out how to edit you."

*Lisa:* I can't imagine any other producer...

*John:* End of interview.□



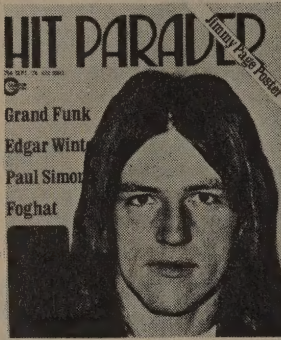
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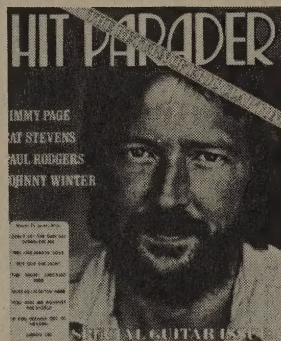
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Led Zeppelin  
"Haven't Got Time For The Pain"  
"On And On"  
"Rikki Don't Lose That Number"  
"Workin' At The Car Wash Blues"  
"Annie's Song"  
"Already Gone"



**NOV. 74**

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Paul Rodgers  
Rick Wakeman  
Cat Stevens  
Johnny Winter  
"Don't Let The Sun Go Down On Me"  
"Feel Like Makin' Love"  
"The Night Chicago Died"  
"Rock & Roll Heaven"  
"Shin' On"  
"Sure As I'm Sittin' Here"

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David Bowie  
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"You're Having My Baby"  
"I Shot The Sheriff"  
"It's Only Rock & Roll"  
"Nothing From Nothing"



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Eno  
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"Higher Plane"  
"Jazzman"  
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